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Installment Reading

Changing Tastes in Magazine Serials

BY EDWIN BALMER

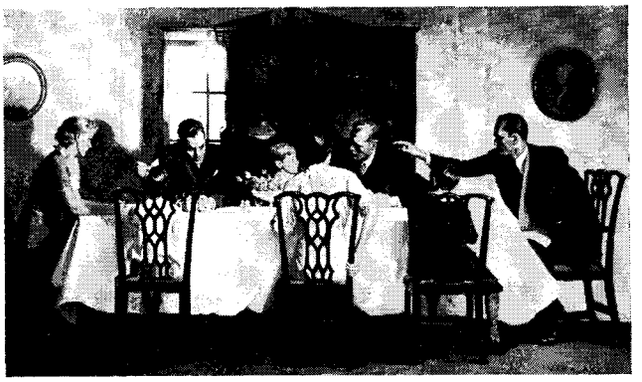

Illustration by John Falter for Mazo de la Roche's "Whiteoak Harvest" which, serialized in the *Redbook*, "was more popular than the ordinary accepted 'popular' stories which were running at the same time in the magazine."

ANTICIPATION is the most important preoccupation of man. The habit of anticipating is, indeed, one of the distinguishing characteristics which set men apart from the lower animals.

Nearly everyone spends the greater part of his waking time in a state of anticipation; and we have the psychologists' word for it that anticipation—either of good or of evil—is the stuff of the symbols that pass through our minds when we sleep. One has to become very old to pass, emotionally, from living in anticipation to dwelling with recollection. Memory proverbially decorates the incidents with which it deals, but anticipation enhances the approaching event even more.

Having been exposed to modern psychology at two universities, I should have let the lesson on anticipation make a lasting impression upon me; but it is clear that I forgot it when I began to edit a magazine. One of the first things I did was to cut down on the serials in the magazine.

This is especially strange since I had been writing serials for years; in fact, every novel which I had written had been first published serially, and my main income was from serial rights. However, I did not believe that magazine readers, as a whole, really cared for serials; I did not believe that serials "pulled" as they were said to. I did not believe that other writers' serials "pulled," nor was I vain enough to believe that my own were as well read as some of the editors seemed to think. So, when given the responsibility of making up a magazine according to my own convictions, I reduced the serial story content.

We had then, as we have now, an excellent indicator of popular acceptance—news-stand sales. It jumped—down. I restored the serials; and the indicator jumped again—up.

Argue as you like that the division of a novel into installments is artificial and not art; there is ground for a very good argument that enjoyment of a novel—and perhaps its proper appreciation—is greatly increased by that artifice, and by the publication of those installments successively a week or a month apart.

The desirable serial, obviously, is a story that awakens and develops expectation. Of course any story, of any account, should accomplish that, but some succeed in far greater degree; and these are the best serials.

To read is to live vicariously; and, judging by the tales widely popular a few years ago, most Americans were content to live, vicariously, the life of sentimental simpletons. In novels which were successful both as serials and in volume form, the people—if you cared to dignify the named dummies by considering them characters—so lacked intrinsic interest that it was necessary to place them in perilous situations. Accordingly, the formula for a successful serial was to have the hero, or the heroine (or both), about to be run over by a train, or pushed off a cliff, or "shot at sunrise."

The excitement of contrived event sufficed all but a few among the reading public. Several fundamental changes had come in ethics and in thought, but they had not yet affected the millions. I know no more clear designation of the changes than that made by Preserved Smith, professor of history at Cornell, in his "History of Modern Culture." He lists:

(1) The shift from an ascetic to a hedonistic attitude, from a bias against pleasure to a bias in its favor; (2) the substitution of a scientific for a religious rationalization of morality; (3) the abandonment of a transcendental for a utilitarian sanction for conduct; (4) the breaking down of authority by reason, involving the change from a glorification of the virtue of faith to a suspicion of its demerit; (5) the alteration of man's view of himself from an idealistic to a realistic one. These are essentially internal changes; the contest takes place in the intimate arena of individual consciousness. Now the inward struggle—when adequately portrayed—easily surpasses in interest any narrative of mere external events, but usually it had been written for and presented to the few.

Only three or four decades ago the number of Americans intellectually equipped to feel the challenge of these new ideas, and to appreciate a literature based upon them, was very small. As late as the year 1900 the total enrollment—not graduates, but enrollment—in secondary schools, colleges, and universities in the United States was less than a million. The actual number happens to have been 933,496. Ten years later it had increased but was far from doubled. The total enrollment was less than a million-and-a-half; but in the decade which included the war—from 1910 to 1920—the number more than doubled, and we find more than three million boys and girls and young men and young women past the stages of primary education, and studying such subjects as the sciences, which inevitably disturbed them. In the next decade the enrollment rose to 5,885,000, and by 1936—the last year for which I find reliable estimates—the number had risen approximately two million more. In about thirty-five years, therefore, the number of Americans who had progressed beyond primary education was multiplied by eight.

This seems to me the most important

Next Week

NIGHTINGALE WOOD
By STELLA GIBBONS
Reviewed by Mabel Ulrich

IMAGES IN A MIRROR
By SIGRID UNDSET
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

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consideration for anyone writing, and certainly for anyone editing, today.

These considerations and these figures do not mean that the same sort of a serial or a novel which "got by"—or perhaps succeeded spectacularly—does not "get by," or sometimes succeed spectacularly, today; but it finds its readers on a different social level.

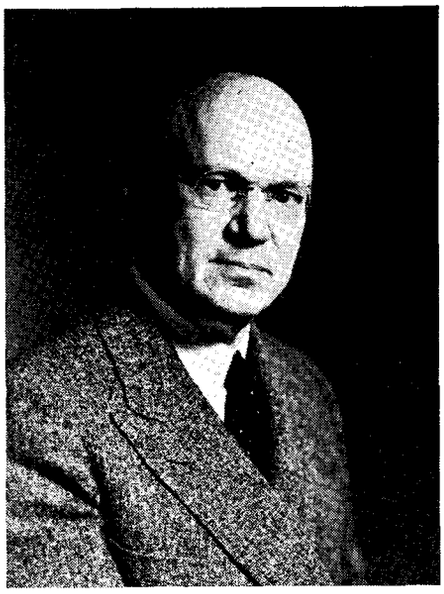
Today there are in America millions of people educated to ideas, and to expect presentation of those ideas in literature on a level of taste appreciated by only the tens of thousands a short time ago.

We have considerably more than 1,100,000 "original circulation" for *Redbook Magazine*, and added to the original buyers you can figure two or three or four more to a family, or to a group of friends, as you like. The reading group therefore is probably something between three-and-a-half and five-and-a-half millions. That is an enormous public. The first Jalna novel by Mazo de la Roche was serialized, I believe, in the *Atlantic Monthly*—one of the best of our "class" magazines, with smaller circulation. We serialized "Whiteoak Harvest," the most recent of the Jalna novels; and the significant fact about this serialization was not that we printed it, but that so far as we could judge, it was more popular than the ordinarily accepted "popular" stories which were running at the same time in the magazine.

Robert Nathan's "Winter in April" is a delightful, delicate short novel, with exceptionally subtle values, and with the slightest sort of a plot. By any of the old standards it would be completely "out" as a serial to be presented to the millions. We serialized it, not only with the greatest personal satisfaction, but, so far as we could judge, with most definite success. We have serialized all of Gladys Hasty Carroll's longer works which followed "As the Earth Turns"—"A Few Foolish Ones," "Neighbor to the Sky," and, more recently, a shorter piece, "A Life of Her Own." All represent distinctly the drama of inward development, rather than the excitement of external event. She appeals to people caught in the currents of this day, and forced to face decisions arising from the common conflicts within themselves. There is a hold to that sort of writing which the mere plot can never have.

One of the most cultured and charming gentlemen of my acquaintance happens to be an Austrian, and it is my good fortune that he is directly interested in *Redbook Magazine*, and regularly reads it. He came in one time with his hand out in congratulation, and smiling: "Ah," he said, "in this number you have so great a story—one so clearly written from an inward necessity."

From that moment I established in my own mind and feeling a more useful criterion distinguishing the excellent from the merely good. We are looking for the novel—the serial, as well as the short story—which so clearly is written from an inward necessity. Having that, the plot, the action, and especially the characters, take care of themselves. It seems to me that if ever there was a time for writing out of inward necessity, it is this day. There are not only the conflicts which Preserved Smith has so competently listed. There is beyond them the ideological clash which for more than two years has been at war in Spain, and for more than a year has made a shambles out of much of China; and which keeps Europe—if, in fact, Europe is still kept when these words are printed—an armed camp.



Edwin Balmer, editor of *Redbook Magazine*, is himself a highly popular writer of serials.

Recently we printed a short serial—only a two-parter—by H. G. Wells, having directly to do with that ideological division—"The Brothers." It is significant that in the telling of this story, in spite of the fact that it was placed at a battle front, and there was capture and attack, the real hold of the piece—and the reason we bought it—was the conflict in the souls of the two brothers; the physical action, violent as it was, simply was secondary.

A couple of years ago a young girl at the University of Texas made a surprising literary discovery. She was writing a Master's thesis on O. Henry, who happened to have been a friend of her father's in his Texas days; and she was going over the old files of the paper for which Sidney Porter wrote. She did not examine only the files; she went over the old records of his employment, and noticed that during a period when his work was not appearing in the paper—or it was not known to have appeared in the paper—his pay was raised. She had too active and good a mind not to inquire further into this curiosity, and, making a most careful examination of the faded files, she discovered a number of short items—some of them short stories—which clearly had been written by O. Henry, but had been forgotten as his work. Sometimes they were signed by his initials, S. P. (Sidney Porter), and sometimes they were unsigned. She brought these to the attention of several authorities on O. Henry's writing, and established quite satisfactorily that these must have been O. Henry's first work. They were all offered to *Redbook Magazine* for publication, and we bought five of the short stories and published them, although it had been our policy never to include in the contents of the magazine anything that had been published before. The absurdity of that rule struck us when we were faced with what evidently was the early work of the foremost American master of short-story writing, which had had a previous publication that was completely forgotten.

Following the success of these stories in the magazine, one of my associates said: "Why stop with O. Henry?" And from the rediscovery of those old stories, and from that very logical remark, sprang the idea of publishing "Encores" in *Redbook Magazine*. Of course *Reader's Digest* for years had been making a great success by republishing articles that were in a sense "Encores"; and the *Golden Book* had reprinted many masterpieces. The pertinent point about our publishing "Encores" is this: Now when we search for a story previously published, we look among the magazines of smaller circulation, which had been published for "the few." And going back only five or ten years we find material which, when presented to our much larger circulation, is thoroughly appreciated and definitely popular.

Our "Encore" started with the short stories, and this fall we are making the experiment of printing a novel as an "Encore," in one issue. We have had the good fortune to be able to present "The Sheltered Life," by Ellen Glasgow, which we consider one of the finest pieces of work produced in America in recent years. When published in volume form it received the highest critical praise. It certainly is far above the ordinary conception of popular magazine material.

We have been obliged to shorten the novel, and we distinctly state it with our publication; at the same time telling our readers where the entire novel may be obtained in book form. The point about this is that we are presenting an exceptionally fine piece of literature to a popular group of three or four or five millions, and we are quite sure it will not be over their heads.

The obverse of this suggests the de-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Green Beau

THE MOON IS FEMININE. By Clemence Dane. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SLOANE

CHOOSING the Brighton of 1803, when the profligate Prince Regent was transforming it into the most fashionable watering place in England, as the setting for her story, Miss Dane might well have written an historical novel or a period piece in the Noel Coward manner. She has done neither of those things. Instead she has produced a novel to which none of the conventional labels apply, a strange and beautiful story, part fantasy, part allegory—one which will mean different things to different people.

There is a certain "green beau" mentioned in the Annual Registers of this period, and it is apparently on these references that the author has founded the character of Henry Cope, a young man with a moderate inherited fortune who has come to Brighton to escape some of the expenses of fashionable life in London. What a character she has made of him—sensitive, solitary, full of conceits and conceit, quick with imagination, eager to be in love and yet afraid of his emotion when he is so! There is, too, another aspect of his nature, expressed in his quixotic fondness for green in his clothes and furnishings.

When the light slants through sea water in a cave it can create a green ocean glow, and it was that green which Henry Cope preferred. Perhaps it was because there was, far back in his ancestry, a girl who folk said had come from St. Martin's Land, under the sea. At any rate, Henry Cope wore green, and when he met a naked boy on the shingle of the beach, and talked with him, he began to remember that there was strange blood in his own veins. The boy might, of course, have been a fisherman's son or a smuggler's lad, but Henry Cope did not believe it. There was a greenness in the boy's skin that made him wonder, a perverse fascination about this sea-borne lad that both attracted and frightened him.

At first you do not see why such a dandified gentleman as young Mr. Cope should fall in love with Lady Molly Jessell. She is hardly the match for such an exquisite as he, with her noticeable height and the awkwardness of word and bearing which had caused her to fail of a suitable London match. By the standards of her age and time, Lady Molly is on the verge of becoming an old maid, for she is unmarried at twenty-six. And yet, fall in love with her he does, and discovers that there is more than fashion to the question of beauty.

Loving her, he inevitably describes to her his boy from the sea, and from that moment on the end is inevitable, though it comes with as much tragic effectiveness as if it had not been foreshadowed at all. Perhaps even more so.

To retail any more of the plot of Miss Dane's book would be to rob it and to no purpose. The excellence of "The Moon Is Feminine" is not to be conveyed by summarizing its plot; it lies rather in a compounded beauty of style and treatment. In the finest sense of the word, this is an elegant novel, one with the richness, restraint, and subtle obliquity which belong properly to elegance. It tells its story by insinuation, by an atmosphere created with almost magic persuasiveness, and sustained in conversations of superbly-handled mood and rhythm. It is, in short, an example of what the term "literary craftsmanship" really means.

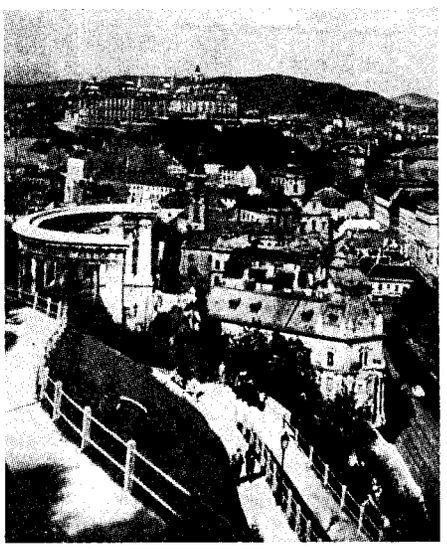
In the light of these numerous excellences, two things about Miss Dane's book are incomprehensible. The first is the title, which seems not only out of key with the story to which it is attached, but wouldn't be particularly good under any circumstances. The other is the book's format, which is hardly more than adequate. Instead of seizing the opportunity to design a book with something of the mannered brilliance of the Regency about it, the publishers have used a modern design almost identical with the one they employ for their detective fiction. And they have clapped round the whole a feeble jacket so inferior to the pictorial beauty of the prose beneath it that after one chapter of Miss Dane it becomes an affront to the eye. Let us hope that good wine does actually need no bush.

Haphazard Travel

I WANTED TO TRAVEL. By John Gibbons. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

I DESPAIR at the outset of reviewing the charm of this book. Quotation won't do, for the good phrases grow one from the other and are interdependent, and a summary is impossible for such a happy, haphazard tale whose places are as mixed as its tenses. The prosy title may deter you from looking behind it, and even a glance at the writing, which is sometimes quaintish and whimsical, and sometimes feminine with "You will be only ever so few miles away . . ." may turn you writhing towards brawnier stuff.



Budapest and the great fortress above the Danube. (From "I Wanted to Travel")

But this is the grand book of a grand traveler, and his style will delight you soon with a sort of casual, Irish rhythm as he recalls the high and low adventures that went to the writing of his fifteen other travel books. He is an ex-reader (professional) of the British Museum. He read timetables as a hobby then, until he had "the bit of enormous luck" that lost him his job and so set him traveling afoot to Lourdes. The war, a poor thing, had supplied his only traveling theretofore, but now people liked the book of the Lourdes pilgrimage and publishers encouraged him with minute advances to see the world. He saw twenty-seven countries at least, as a middle-class vagabond, with almost no money and a modicum of languages, but even that permitted a paternal flirtation with a Croatian lady dentist in a third-class railway carriage. He was a decent family man, though he did hobnob with blackguards; and it was untrue that he intended meeting Miss Texas Guinan to marry her.

Soon he was collecting places as he once had timetables, but America failed him. Nothing exciting could possibly occur in a place called Concord or Worcester, Massachusetts, but "there was a fine improvidence in the very name of Alabama," so he went there, and on to New Orleans where the policemen smoked cigars and he made a one-night-stand barking for a tired circus. The Foreign Legion of Algiers held more for him, a genial outfit; its fort saluted him even. The honest new Italy never picked his pockets. Estonia tried to snow him under at the Russian frontier, but that was fun, he thought, weeping. He visited Haifa during the Arab War of 1936, and Sweden with its "wretched respectabilities," Serbia, Ireland, and friendly Portugal. He rolled ninepins with a Paris priest for décolleté dolls, and consorted with mules. You'll be able to make neither head nor tail of his tangled travels, but I'll lay you'll love John Gibbons and his broad, comical world.

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Dressing to Type

DESIGNING WOMEN. The Art, Technique and Cost of Being Beautiful. By Margaretta Byers with Consuelo Kamholz. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $1.96.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH HAWES

CERTAINLY "every woman in the world wants to know how to make the most of her appearance," as Messrs. Simon and Schuster point out. I am equally certain that no one is ever going to be able to tell specifically in writing just how the individual can accomplish this desirable end. It requires much individual thought. To get the good ideas out of "Designing Women" and dis-

"The best of the book is the . . . part devoted to the 'plump' woman and the woman with wide hips." The figure to the left is wrongly attired, the one to the right correctly. (Pictures from "Designing Women")

regard the inapplicable or useless will also necessitate a good, keen mind on the part of the reader.

The best of the book is the small part devoted to the "plump" woman and the woman with wide hips. Since these are the worst problem children to the dressmaker and to themselves, Margaretta Byers deserves plenty of praise. She puts it to you straight. First, for heaven's sake, find out what you look like and then deal with it. If you're plump in whole or in part, don't imagine that wearing tight clothes will make you thinner.

Miss Byers does not feel as some of us do that there may be advantages to looking plump, having wide hips, a square jaw, a bony neck, or thin arms. She describes an ideal type, thinnish and oval faced, and writes her whole book to help you conform. This may suit a majority of the public as an idea, but I doubt their ability to pour themselves into the mold successfully. There are a good many women who prefer to take advantage of their own individual characteristics however much they may vary from Hollywood's standards.

A great part of the advice given is excessively contradictory and some of it will be very disheartening to those who can't afford custom-made clothes. For instance, the author is glad that color promises to come back into women's clothes in a bigger way. Several chapters later she warns that colors are for the rich! She says that if your neck is short you'd better avoid collars, and certainly you better had. But you with the short neck may be surprised to hear, later, that if your dress has no collar, your coat must have one, or vice versa. What to do? Margaretta Byers has never seen a play outfit with shorts and skirt to wear over them that fitted. They must be made to order, she says. She warns vigorously that pants are apt to be very unbecoming to the female form. Later she recommends that the housewife who looks so very messy in her cotton housedress may wear overalls or dungarees. Luckily she reflects that most housewives consider the world well lost for love, and personally I think that the simplest way out of the problem of keeping neat and attractive while washing the baby between cooking three meals a day.

The book is laden with such contradictions, but you can make up your own mind how to follow the advice given—that is if you have a mind. The most fascinating thing about the book to me is that no mention is made of the mind, and only in the postscript is any mention made of the possibility of dealing with one's body per se with a view to changing it. Eagerly I waited for that chapter on posture, health, exercise, that primary factor in a woman's looks. Two hundred and sixty odd pages went by before one appeared where "carriage" was mentioned. Here you will find some simple rules for posture which are excellent. You will also be advised to practise deportment before a mirror. I am terrified. I have seen ladies who had practised their deportment before a mirror with only their own opinion to guide them. I consider it a very dangerous procedure.

The author considers Elizabeth Hawes "a stickler for the importance of dressing to your type." I am. But in my experience there are vast differences between the physical type of a woman which is obvious to the naked eye and her psychological type. I believe that the psychological factors are more important than the physical. I shake at the thought of describing the characteristics of the types as Margaretta Byers does. "The Coquette . . . petite figure, retroussé features, curled coiffures." Look here, the great problem of dressing is that your soul may be a coquette and your body what Byers would call "the angular type."

It is my belief that if the majority of women tried to follow Byers's advice they might do an adequate job by their physical, external characteristics but they would at the same time violate their inner feelings. It is useless to dress from that point of view. It never works. It is such advice which turns out all our American women looking more or less alike, lacking in individuality.

A tall, angular type who very definitely feels coquettish has a far bigger chance of being a social success if she dresses to match her feelings, her talk, her actions. So I say no one can write a book on how to dress and leave out the mind and feeling of the women for whom she writes. This book is written about what is seen of a woman by her mirror. No mirror has ever solved the clothing problem. We are still lacking that book which will advise a woman on how to dress from the standpoint of her own inner consciousness. When that information has been planted, the mirror comes in handy.

The other clothing advice that women crave is how to spend their money wisely. Twenty pages of this book are devoted to "The Cost of Clothes"—budget your wardrobe, plan a year in advance, don't be fooled by passing fads, buy things that will change your costume, get to know about the quality of clothes. Byers's general budgeting and planning advice is good. The advice on making one costume into three or four proves the fallacy of trying to be specific on these matters. I

The Square Face
Wrong Right

note that you may change your black crepe dress or velvet evening gown by means of "a Juliet cap," "green sequin bolero," "roman gold collar," "lei of green and white flowers," "white chiffon scarf." Who are you that you can wear those items? Are you tall, short, fat, thin, romantic, gamine, or what? There should be a law against making loose statements of that kind.

The chapter on how to get your money's worth is 75% useless. No person not trained for years in judging furs can ever hope to know what she is buying

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except by the reputation of her furrier. The same is true of precious stones and of lace. Most of the chapter deals with these items, so vital a problem to the mass of the American population. As to the words on fabrics, I am a notorious hater of artificial silk because it may or may not be durable according to who makes it and how. It is possible to ruin any artificial fabric rather easily by pressing it with an iron that isn't just luke warm. Byers says: "Because rayon is essentially a firm fabric, it needs no weighting" (that is, literal addition of tin or mineral salts) "at all, which means it wears better than silk. And as silk is the strongest of the natural fabrics, rayon is obviously the best wearing fabric in existence." MARGARETTA BYERS! Even if I am a maniac on the subject, what kind of reasoning is that to hand the public?

As to the author's statements on workmanship, sure, some of what she says is okay, but I began to doubt the whole story when I read that French seams are best. I doubt if there's been a good dress made with French seams since before the French Revolution. Oh, well, why quibble?

I suppose that many thousand women will read this book in their frantic search

The Long Face
Wrong Right

for sound advice on the clothing problem. Some of them will pick up valuable hints. Most of them will emerge just where they started or maybe a little more balled up. Fashion is superficial and perhaps all of us who write about it must bask in the reflected light. I think the book the public is looking for should be written by Lois Long using material gathered by a trained psychologist, and statistical information furnished by the Consumers Union.

I congratulate Margaretta Byers for doing even a fair job on this absolutely terrifying subject. The book is easy to read even if it doesn't solve your problems. It will probably make you think about them harder, and in all modern education the subject is supposed to figure out the final answer for himself!

Elizabeth Hawes, one of the most prominent dress designers in this country, is the author of "Fashion Is Spinach."

The New Dispensation

THE NAZI PRIMER. With a Commentary by William E. Dodd. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THIS is a rather cold-blooded book, highly objective. In it one finds translated from the German the basic new German philosophy. Here are carefully set down in the official German handbook for schooling the Hitler youth, the fundamentals of the new creed. In something less than fifty thousand words one may read here what the Germans think about man as a biological product, what they think about the German races as the ultimate result of biological evolution, what they think about possible racial improvement under directed heredity and controlled environment, what they think about man and the earth—which is the translation of the slogan "blood and soil"—what they think about the future of German culture as it affects Europe and the world, and what they think of the peculiar economy and the destiny of the German people.

It is a terrible book, or perhaps one should say it is an illuminating book, a book illuminating a terrible philosophy. No indictment of Germany by her worst enemy could be more damning than the naive revelations of this book. It is not shocking in its exposition of Germanic political ambitions for expansion. That is old stuff; it is not disturbing in its amusing biological theory that the gods having created the German Nordics, ceased to function further in the improvement of man, being satisfied with the perfection of their handiwork. The German biology is merely quaint. The amazing thing, the thing that will spiritually nauseate modern readers of America, is the philosophy of the Third Reich. It is curiously at base not unlike the philosophy of the Russians or of the Italians or of the Balkan tyrants. The despotism of the state is no new thing of the world. The divine right of kings is an old more or less outmoded philosophy. Under that philosophy men came up out of the woods and jungle and built an orderly civilization. But men living under the theory of the divine right of kings felt instinctively that it was wrong. For two thousand years and more the idea of liberty has been an expanding ideal in the human heart. Its dynamic power not even the educational philosophy of divinely anointed kings could suppress. But this philosophy of the Third Reich, this Nazi credo carefully, deliberately, thoroughly, ignores, where it does not scorn, the dignity of the human spirit which is the basis of the evolutionary spiritual processes of free men.

We all know that the creed of the tyrants is based upon the domination of the state. We have read in the newspapers that man is the servant of the tyrant's state in opposition to the theory that the state is the servant of the man, which is the democratic belief. But to have it set down in cold type, this creed of the tyrant gives one the shivers. We read:

1. The Leader is always right
2. Never violate discipline
3. Never waste time in idle chatter, nor in self-gratifying criticism, but take hold and help
4. Be proud but not arrogant
5. The program is your dogma; it demands your complete surrender to the cause
6. You are a representative of the party; govern your appearance and behavior accordingly
7. Loyalty and unselfishness are the first commandments
8. As a true socialist you must be a real comrade
9. Do to your comrades as you would have them do to you
10. In battle be steadfast and discreet
11. Courage is not recklessness
12. Whatever serves the interest of the movement, and through it Germany and the German people, is right

There it is set down in cold blood, the twelve commandments of the new dispensation.

Closing this book, one asks whether or not this struggle for human freedom which has been engaging man for so long a time in his journey through the wilderness of this world rises really out of his instincts or out of his environment. Has the presence of unploughed fields over the hill, beyond the hill, given man his idea of freedom? Has the eternal forest primeval beckoned humanity toward liberty? Or was the liberty implanted in man's own spirit an embryo that has been enfolding through the ages to its present democratic stage in spiritual environment? One is puzzled when one thinks that nearly two hundred million Europeans in Russia, in the Balkans, in Italy, in the Third Reich, have rejected the theory that the spiritual evolution of man comes through man's unfettered spirit, his right to his dignity as an individual. Was the "pearl of great price" individual self-respect or was it the capacity for merging one's self in the social unit? Was it in man's blood to "surrender to the cause"? Is indeed "whatever serves the interest of the movement" the ultimate and unquestionable right? These questions haunt the mind like restless, phantom dragons glowering at humanity from another age as one lays down "The Nazi Primer"—a terrible book.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Changing Aspects of Travel

"THE use of travelling," said Dr. Johnson, "is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." Dr. Johnson, of course, wrote before the days of the motion picture, even before the days of photography, when the distant world could only come into focus for those at home through talk or the written word. The great traveler and the great writer, a Dr. Johnson among them, was able to convey a picture of the foreign scene instinct with the spirit of place as well as vivid in the colors of its outward seeming. But inevitably, no matter how faithful that portrayal might be, since travel was costly and difficult and little likely to be the part of the many, it took on a romantic aspect and imagination began to robe the countries and peoples it described with traits of its own creation. Moreover, the traveler of necessity reflected what he saw through his own moods and the impact it made on his emotions; the plainsman saw the modest height as a mountain, and the mountaineer hilly country as a plain. Peoples as well as scenes took on character from the predispositions of those who observed them. Dr. Johnson was right, the use of travelling was to regulate imagination by reality.

But time would seem to have somewhat changed the truth of his apothegm. For in this day of the motion picture the world in all its parts is presented at least in its outward reality for all to see. A Stanley could thrill the peoples with his accounts of falls greater than Niagara, intrigue their minds with recitals of a pygmy race in the heart of the African forest, and men and women sitting by the fireside reading his book would let fancy run riot in creating the exotic scene. But those same men and women today have seen the Zambesi tumbling from its heights, on the screen, and watched the lilliputians at their activities, and the strangeness that once held their thought enthralled has lost its power to charm. The far-flung world is every man's backyard today. What best use travel now has for him is to offset reality by imagination, an imagination different in its direction, to be sure, from that which Dr. Johnson had in mind, but no less the desirable complement of reality than before.

And yet perhaps, on second thought, it is still reality that travel must seek, in that insight that is the part of imagination which sees things as they are. It is the reality under the outward aspect of things, the thoughts men think, the inheritances and necessities that govern their policies, the complex of traits and problems that condition their conduct that make travel big with significance. No motion picture can convey this larger reality; this it is the use of travel to bring into accord with imagination.

As to the literature of travel, that is a field well trod today but all too rarely with distinction. Books there have been galore that depict with photographic accuracy the landscape, the manners, and the customs of a country, others in as great number that attempt an impressionistic portrayal of the mind and temper of a people. Yet the fewest of them are of importance and all too few can even claim allure as escape literature. Nothing, it would seem, is more easy than to describe travels. The picturesque, the striking, the humdrum, all are there for the writer's choosing; where there is such wealth of material surely there ought to be no difficulty in producing good chronicle. But the very plethora of matter makes for lack of discrimination, and the unreliability of impressions for inconsequence. The true traveler is born not made. He must have the pliability of disposition that sees in customs strange to his own something racy not queer, an endless curiosity about manners and affairs, an understanding of character, sympathy for humanity, and a knowledge of history to illumine the present by the past. He must have an eye exact for the real, an imagination that leaps to the intangibles with equal accuracy. And if he be a writer, he must have grace of style, or all else will profit him insufficiently.

Men read travel books for various purposes, to find escape from the perplexities that bind them, to gain needed information, out of pure interest in the unknown, to renew the pleasure of the once familiar, for the entertainment and instruction to be found in the panorama of society. Once they read them with wonder, in unbelief and even fear. The march of exploration has altered that, leaving little now that is strange and frequently having verified what seemed the incredible. The emphasis has shifted in narratives of travel adventure from object to incident. It is the endurance and achievement of the Arctic leader that centers attention and not the barrier or tundra. And inevitably, as the frequency of travel itself, and the universality of the motion picture, make the more accessible parts of the world outwardly familiar, the intensest interest of the travel book must lie not in its description of appearances but in its ability to make vivid and plausible those deep-lying qualities and impulses that move peoples to action. It must more and more become the handmaid of reality and imagination both, arriving at the one through the intuition of the other.

A. L.

Salute to Youth

A GENERATION has come to maturity since American youth was on hegira to France, and in the span of that twenty years the young men and women of the nation have been sore tried indeed. Economic disaster has taken its toll of their hopes as military necessity did of their pursuits before, and the threat to their morale has been the greater because there has been no glamour of patriotism to compensate for their distress. But curiously enough American youth, that part of it at least that is thoughtful and articulate, is in less bitter mood today than it was in the twenties, immediately after the war. Then it was that our literature of revolt was born, that vehemence passed into our writing, and animosity informed our fiction. The old happy serenity of isolation had been lost in the consciousness that what was Europe's battle was democracy's cause, and that America, so blest in its distance from foreign strife, was now part of the international scene. In the shock of discovery youth turned its examination not only upon the political background, but on the social code, and found itself in violent opposition to the restriction which bound itself about.

It waged its struggle vigorously, with undue heat perhaps, partly with bravado and partly in humility of spirit proclaiming itself the champion of reform. The clamor of battle has long since died down, and the boys and girls who are the standard bearers of their generation today no longer have need to be militant in demand of their freedom. That cause was won for them by the war generation. But as they gather this week to meet in International Congress with their fellows of other parts of the world that new freedom lays upon them a burden they have been quick to accept—the duty of taking their part in a chaotic and tragic world whose problems hold a menace not alone to themselves but to the young for generations to come. And it is of good augury for their cause that they are gathering not in sullen bitterness at a fate which has deprived them of security and opportunity at the moment they stood on the threshold of life, but with a determination sprung from understanding and disappointment to make the world better for those who tread on their heels. Youth is its own best certainty of success.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *An Author Defends Her Stand*

Freeing the Literary Self

SIR:—My book "If You Want To Write" was reviewed in the July 30th number of the *Saturday Review*. I am grateful, but I feel a little sad about it. Because I don't think the reviewer read into my book very far. He read the first two paragraphs because he quotes them. Then I think this is what happened: my saying that "everybody is talented, original and has something important to say," made him indignant enough to start his ideas flowing—(the adrenalin squirted pleasantly into his veins)—and he got his book review done.

Well I don't blame him. Just as an old lady said: "Hospitals are no place for a sick person," book reviewing is something a book reviewer should never do. He has too many books to read. It is all done in a hurry and a pother.

He says with disapproval:

"There is a large public demand for this kind of advice" (the sort that he assumes is in my book). "Several hundred people will be packing up their typewriters and manuscripts this summer and spending two weeks at one of the writers' conferences. . . . They will get their manuscripts criticized; they will hear lectures on the problems of the writer (you should always double space your copy; you should never interrupt a passionate dialogue to describe what the heroine is wearing). . . . Some will go home with a feeling of encouragement. Thousands more will stay at home transferring rejected manuscripts into fresh envelopes addressed to other editors. Many of these will seek advice by letter or in person from professional teachers, correspondence schools."

Now all this is true and sensible talk. But he should not scold me for recommending this sort of thing in my book (though I think it is fine and touching that people want to do these things). On the contrary, I show how so much *taught* writing is subtly and sadly injured, glozed over with dullness. I explain why this is. I show and prove that writing that is ambition-driven or an anxious show-offism, however subconscious, is not good, *i.e.*, not interesting, not alive,—although the best magazines and books are full of it, more so perhaps than the rejected manuscripts of the poor aspirants whom he scorns.

I know all this from: 1. My own experience. 2. From the writing of people whom I have released from anxiety about selling, about "marketing their stuff" as the horrible phrase is; and whom I have freed from their bogus (literary) selves so that they can write from their true selves; that is, so that they can open their mouths like prophets and out comes the honest feeling that is in them. 3. And I know it from what some of the greatest and most generous men have said about it: Blake, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Dostoievsky, Van Gogh, Mozart, Plotinus.

The book reviewer does not approve of "the perennial process of holding out false hopes to the untalented." And he says: "When they come in such superlative terms as the sentence quoted from Miss Ueland, their absurdity is self-evident."

But I wrote the book to *free* people's creative power from ambition and money-grubbing. Everybody alive has creative power, what Blake called the Imagination and said is the divine part of us. It is in all human beings. The use of it makes them happy and enlarges their souls. The disuse of it weazens them and makes life meaningless. This creative power may be expressed in art, in music, in business, in carpentry, in countless things. It evokes in a person all his love and generosity.

In our present civilization it is driven out of people early in life—(see how all children have it)—by our education, and supplanted by duty and acquisitiveness. It is dried out and shackled by external discipline, by anxious conformity, by teachers who think technique comes before freedom, by jeerers or any kind of unloving know-it-all, no matter how high brow.

Now what I say in my book to those hundreds of thousands of people who want to write is:

"God bless you. Do it. It will do you good. And in order that you will keep it up forever and never get discouraged, remember this: that the rewards are *intrinsic*. The work, the effort, the search is the important and exciting thing. Then out of the mountains you write, some mole hills will be published. Or you may make a fortune and win the Nobel Prize. But if *nothing* is ever published at all and you never make a cent, just the same it will be a good thing that you have worked."

For I know that by writing, people learn more and more to be free, to distinguish what they think, from what they think they should think; and presently they learn never to lie to themselves or others, and never to pretend or attitudinize. For it is only then (as I show in my book by many examples) that writing is alive and not dead. I think that in it I show people how to free themselves from "intentionalness."

Art, Tolstoy said, is infection. The artist has a feeling and he expresses it and at once his feeling infects other people and they have it too. And the infection must be immediate or it isn't art. But you cannot infect people with a feeling you do not have, no matter how fancy the words, how exquisite the literary style.

And this truth from Tolstoy showed me why the ungrammatical pencil scrawl of a sick little servant girl, written from her true self, in carelessness and haste, infects me (showing me what she is, her whole life, her patience, her goodness), so that I am chemically changed forever and will never be able to exploit a servant girl. Well that is art, as much so as an article written by a brilliant sociologist on the servant question, which does not infect me, or an "unfelt" literary novel on the sorrows of the servant class. And I don't care if a thousand editors reject it, she has talent and there is a precious beautiful power in her and I am glad it is expressed.

BRENDA UELAND.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"I can't remember whether the reviews said it was 'cosmic' or 'comic.'"

C. F. MacIntyre

SIR:—I was glad to see Quercus's comment on Selden Rodman's "A New Anthology of Modern Poetry," because after I had read Mr. Rodman's preface and a few of the poems, I tried to find C. F. MacIntyre. I searched the indices but his name was not mentioned. This omission detracted somewhat from the anthology. It seems to me MacIntyre's work is worthy of recognition.

LAURA ALTON.

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Japan Old and New

THE PAGEANT OF JAPANESE HISTORY. By Marion May Dilts. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

THERE must be many persons who, during the recent critical years in the Far East, have wished for a more intimate knowledge of Japan's historical and cultural background. Sir George Sansom's unexcelled "Short History," despite its title, was perhaps too formidable except for those who were already specialists in the field. For the wider public, a briefer and more popular treatment was desirable. Marion May Dilts has admirably met this need. Without sacrificing scholarly accuracy, she has managed to set down the central facts of Japan's historical development in easy and readable terms.

As in all good modern historical writing the author correlates dynastic and political changes with a full discussion of the cultural, artistic, and religious aspects of each epoch. The lavish selection of excellent illustrations contributes much to an understanding of these essential features of Japanese civilization, and the same result is furthered by the judicious use of extensive quotations from first-hand source materials. By this approach the reader gains the flavor of direct contact with the old Japan; he participates actively in an historical and cultural *milieu* far removed from his ordinary experience. Scholarly research is thereby transmuted into an effective medium for appreciation and understanding.

The puzzling elements of Japan's ethnological and linguistic origins form an intriguing introduction to the historical narrative. After a brief summary of the mythological age, the author passes rapidly to consideration of the first great transformation of Japanese life under the inspiration of Chinese Buddhism, the T'ang Dynasty, and the Chinese script. The rich Buddhist culture of the Nara era in the eighth century gives way, following a temporary period of political confusion, to the lengthy epoch of the Fujiwaras and then to the first military dictatorship under Minamoto Yoritomo, with its capital at Kamakura. Three centuries of disastrous civil conflict, from 1300 to 1600, end finally with establishment of the Tokugawa Shogunate. The latter's downfall, two and a half centuries later, ushers in the modern epoch.

Such criticism as may be leveled against this work is perhaps most justified in respect of the last two chapters, which attempt to survey the post-Restoration years since 1868. The wealth of events, domestic and international, in Japan's modern history cannot be satisfactorily handled in forty pages, and historical perspective is lacking for the drastic abridgment rendered necessary. The author's sympathetic attitude toward Japan, moreover, verges perilously close to unfairness toward China in her treatment of the occurrences of recent years. The Twenty-one Demands, not mentioned by name in the text, amounted to rather more than an extension of Japanese influence in China "by negotiation." The significance of the Washington Conference is not adequately covered by excerpts from the Nine Power Treaty, interpreted as safeguarding Western interests and restraining Japan. Reference to "anti-Japanese feeling" in China is not justifiable without much more adequate details as to the scope of Japanese aggression against her neighbor between 1915 and 1937.

These criticisms, however, should not be allowed to detract from the merits of the earlier chapters. From the American public, especially, which is much more conversant with China's historical background, this book deserves a good reception.

T. A. Bisson is a member of the Foreign Policy Association. He has recently returned from residence in Japan.

"The lavish selection of excellent illustrations contributes much to the understanding of essential features of Japanese civilization." (From "The Pageant of Japanese History")

Salvation by Faith

THE LIBERALS. By John Hyde Preston. New York: John Day. 1938. $2.50.

THIS exposure of the nauseous futility of liberalism would be more cogent if the "liberals" of the story really were liberals, in any sense except that they fail to recognize (at first) the necessity of the class struggle, hatred, and violence. One of them is a manufacturer who tries to give his workmen what he thinks they need, not what they want; the other, Philip Whitlock, is a writer interested in personal problems and indifferent to the social conflict. To call such men liberals is to stretch even that elastic term.

Mr. Preston writes with commendable earnestness about earnest matters, and well depicts the sense of insecurity, psychic as well as economic, that so many people feel nowadays; to suggest that earnestness is not enough, and that he might get the ball over the plate oftener if he didn't bear down so hard, is no doubt to damn oneself as a liberal. Too much of the book, for the general taste, is taken up with Philip's struggles against his inability to write, a disease of more absorbing interest to its victims than to outsiders; but the discerning reader will soon perceive not only that Philip is going to be saved, but how.

First a communist friend tells him he is sterile because he is trying to write about "a cancerous, putrefying society"; then he realizes, after attending a party in the Connecticut literature belt, that "most writers are poisoned"; and at last, when his sweetheart is accidentally shot in a strike riot, he attains to insight and peace—"the sureness of hate. To hate and know why. And to know what." But observe that this "knowledge" comes by illumination in emotion, not by the slow and fallible processes of thought. Earlier Philip's mistress had said, "We don't even know what's right, for all our self-torture. We doubt and juggle and re-examine until we can no longer give the simple answers." Conviction of sin and acceptance of revelation give a simple answer, end all self-torture, dispel all doubts. No wonder the answer is popular nowadays; salvation by faith is less trouble than salvation by works, and to hate is always easier than to try to think.

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The Folder

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Jar Ptitsa

NO rumored bird of earthly paradise
Scatters such rubies from her splendid wing,
Nor are there any nightingales whose cries
Entice to such a Heaven when they sing
As Phoenix does, that Virgin of the Fire
Who mounts triumphant from her smoky nest,
Epitomizing every man's desire,
Defeat defeated, Faith made manifest.

Half fabulous omen, if the dream be true
I dream,—and waking still do dream of you,—
Forbid your feathers ever spread again
Unless they lift this most devout of men,
Your Mystic, on that voyage up the sky
Which vaults the stars to mock mortality.

HUGH WESTERN

The Taste

My friend from Mars was just leaving when he asked me a surprising question.

Why, I said, it's a drink. Especially in hot weather.

Surely, he said. I know that. I read the advertisements. It's a beverage, mildly alcoholic, produced from a farinaceous grain by germination, ebullition, and fermentation. I learned that from your dictionary. But what's it *like?* How does it taste? I've been so earthly busy, I haven't had a chance. . . .

True, and odd, I thought. In all the romantic literature from Shakespeare to Saintsbury, no one has ever described the actual feeling. . . . Well, how *would* you describe it? And the time was short. The big interplanetary rocket was making ready. Already they were calling *All on Earth that's Staying on Earth.*

Remembering all I'd had in my time, I tried to explain:—

First (I said) an undersavor of cool easterly air, like the earliest sunbreak of spring. A suggestion of its vegetable origin from strong dark soil: a rooty, sprouty, cereal taste. Even in citified and ceremonial places, poured by a dress-coated butler into tapered goblets, it still holds that smack of simplicity, of clean country earth.—I wanted to say, it always makes me think of good garden-dirt under the fingernails, but I feared he wouldn't understand. The countryside on Mars is all minerals and canals, isn't it?

You can pour it (I continued) so you get the collar at the top or at the bottom. But to make full experiment, try not to gulp. No matter how thirsty you are, hold it a moment on the tongue; then before swallowing let it wash over the palate. That's the upper rear of the mouth, where you enjoy the most delicate stimulus.

Yes, he said unexpectedly: the balcony always sees the best of the show. I promise not to gulp. So what?

A kind of tingle, an airy skirmishing *sensation*—Oh, *something* like a *tooth* getting ready to telephone the dentist or the feet of spiders dancing. Then going down the gullet you get the tart, the bitterness of the hop. That's the real thrill—

Wait a minute, he said, making quick notes. Now which is it, a dance or a hop?

No, no; *hop* is a vine. Its flowers are cooked with the malt to give their particular pungent twinge. They use only the female hop-blossoms, that amuses me.

That's why it's bitter? he asked.

It isn't just bitter; satirical maybe; keen but a bit ruddy too. It's not like Hard Liquor, which is dynamite, and it's not Soft Drink, which is delicatessen. Just a drink for thirst. It's hard to describe because as soon as I get that chilly sparkle on my tongue all my reflexes go into action and unless I hold hard the whole mouthful is swallowed. I wish you'd asked me all this at a more convenient time. All I remember is a frosty sting, a descending sluice, then it's beaming softly in the belly—as though you had swallowed some private property of sunlight.

That's what you call vitamins?

It's one the scientists haven't isolated yet; Vitamin M, the musical corpuscle. Maybe the stuff irrigates the vocal cords on the way down, because it seems to suggest singing. Even people with poor voices can almost hold a harmony after three or four.

You have some good songs to go with it? he asked.

O rare, I exclaimed. Songs and literature too. Prost and Proust. Ben Jonson and Sam Johnson; and Charles Dickens, the Vitamin D of modern fiction; and Calverley's famous Ode, and Schnitzelbank, you'd enjoy that—

How do you serve it? he interrupted impatiently.

Best of all on the back steps about midday, when the cook has her day off and you've been mowing the lawn. Some of the bottles have a little tonsil or goitre in the neck. After you think you've finished and the bottle has stood a few minutes there's still a dreg more, a few stirrup-drops for aftertaste—

But they were pulling away the gangplank.

For Cosmos' sake, he cried, don't tell me any more. If I ever get back I'll try it for myself.

There's a pleasant little hofbrau near the Interworld Skyport, and as soon as the rocket had left. . . .

Tales of a Traveler

SIR:—The bootblack stand outside the Grand Hotel, Charlotte Amalie, is in full view of the veranda dining-room. The owner is a one-legged colored man of unusual dignity. His stand, bright green, is emblazoned in large white letters with the legend: LOVE IS BUT A FAILURE. Nothing at all about the price of the shine which is, after that, merely anti-climax.

Goudy should make an immediate pilgrimage to St. Thomas to see the lettering on the headstones in the graveyard—in German, Dutch, French, Spanish, Danish, English. Immensely interesting if a bit ghoulish—when new graves are dug old bones are invariably discovered. These are placed in a common vault that is wide open for inspection. The skulls bring poor Yorick to mind.

In Lewis's bookshop in Panama, I saw my first book-worm face to face; in fact I saw two of them, one smooth and shiny, the other hairy and not shiny but both of them white in color. There was no trouble in locating the little book-burrowers for Lewis simply opened up a few English publications and there they were. It will amuse you to know that American books are practically immune from book-worm ravages in the Canal Zone district; it must be some strange quality of the English cloth, or paper or glue. There is no reason to think the insects can reason or think beyond that. Maybe it's the ink.

The Virgin Islands; did you ever hear the anecdote about the speaker in Parliament who happened to mention them in his address and on being asked where they were replied that he didn't exactly know but he imagined they must be a long distance from the Isle of Man?

W. S. HALL.

On board S. S. *Chiriqui.*

The Curious Incident of the *Tour De Force*

SIR:—An anecdote of surpassing brilliance bears telling again. To reiterate is to familiarize and often to endear: the worthy incident brings up a warmer glow with its recounting; the noble deed becomes more noble still. But we are entitled to expect, in a twice-told tale, that the episode presented will have coherence with the broader theme of which it is a part; that the jewel of consistency, both as to time and place, will shine with steady splendor; that the words in which the story is given will be newly turned and newly vigorous, and not merely blurred carbon impressions of the words we heard before.

On just these counts, and on a dozen others that might be named, the recital of Sherlock Holmes's magnificent feat of clairvoyance in *The Resident Patient,* and again, to our total confusion, in *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box,* is a bleeding wound in the side of those who think the king can do no wrong. Somewhere,

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somehow, someone missed his step and stumbled—but whether it was Holmes himself, or the baser mortal Watson, it is difficult indeed to fathom.

We all remember the thrill that ran down our spines on that close, rainy day in October when Holmes first forged the flawless chain of logic by which the secret thoughts of his confrère were dragged out into the light of day. No more was needed than the flick of an eye and the knitting of a brow for the wanderings of the humble mind to stand revealed: around the walls of the room in Baker Street it went, from the portrait of Gordon to the portrait of Beecher and thence to the bloody battlefields of America, and so inevitably to the conclusion that war is ever a preposterous means of settling human differences. Watson himself was struck with amazement not only when his train of thought was so patly broken in upon, but also when the simple processes of the reasoning employed to follow it had been painstakingly explained to him. It was, indeed, a brilliant *tour de force* that Holmes performed, and we could, quite reasonably, have borne mention of it again in one of the later chronicles, when Watson, or even Holmes himself, felt frankly in a reminiscent mood.

But we are asked to believe, instead, that on another day—a blazing hot one in August this time—the bemused Watson fell once more into a contemplation of the walls of the sanctum; that his simple mind dwelt, step by step, on the same chain of events leading perforce to the same appraisal of the futility of this same method of settling international disputes. And we are asked, too, to believe that he was amazed when Holmes (it must have been easier this time) broke in upon him as before; and that his amazement was again undiminished when Holmes revealed the now-familiar methods of observation and deduction he had pursued.

We can explain this unparalleled episode—barring of course the possibility of any tongue-in-cheek reliance upon the reader's forgetfulness — only as the springing of a shameful trap upon the master by his stooge, or as the gentle ribbing by Holmes himself of his ingenuous attendant, who did, in all likelihood, indulge on more than one occasion in the same simple profundities of thought and reasoning.

But whatever the explanation, the incident itself is sufficiently remarkable to demand a closer examination of the comparative record afforded. Textually, the two accounts are so nearly alike as to make one the counterpart of the other. Citing first, throughout, the text as revealed in *The Resident Patient,* and second the text according to *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box,* the small discrepancies may be briefly and quickly detailed. The thermometer *of* ninety becomes a thermometer *at* ninety; the *paper* becomes the *morning paper;* Watson's ejaculation "*Most* preposterous!" becomes "*Very* preposterous." Then, as Holmes's revelation begins, he changes "Your eyes *turned* across" to "Your eyes *flashed* across"; instead of saying "*You then* glanced," he says "*Then you* glanced." And that is all—the rest, down to the words ". . . had you not shown some incredulity the other day," is identical and verbatim. In the first instance, the anecdote is followed by a stroll about London, through Fleet Street and the Strand, which is succeeded in turn by the visit of Dr. Percy Trevelyan; in the second instance it is followed by a reference to the item in the paper about Miss Susan Cushing's receipt of the pickled ears, and the subsequent sortie to Croydon.

Incredible as all this is, the record stands. There can be no denial of the Word as the Word is spoken; no appeals to the original Greek or Latin for retranslation and emendation; no cries of "Apocrypha, Apocrypha!" to put the onus on the unelect. We can only bow our heads in sorrow and acknowledge that the foundations of our faith have been rudely shaken; that the Absolute has suddenly become relative; that somebody, though truth still shines dimly from afar, has pulled a thunderous and awful boner.

EDGAR W. SMITH.

Note:

These observations on the use of the famous "double passage" are presented, of course, in the light of the deeper realities inherent in the Watson record itself. According to mundane history—the unwelcome and unrealistic history which attributes authorship of the tales not to the ineffable John H. Watson, M.D., but to a certain Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—the facts are these:

The passage in question first appeared in the slightly risqué tale of the *Cardboard Box,* which was the earlier from Doyle's pen, but which he suppressed in England, and, later, in America. When he published *The Resident Patient* in the *Memoirs,* he liked the episode so well that he transplanted it, body and soul, to this story. Later—much later—he allowed *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box* to appear in *His Last Bow,* leaving the passage in it exactly, or almost exactly, as it had first been written.

In the Doubleday Doran "definitive" edition of the tales, published in 1933, the passage occurs in both *The Resident Patient* and *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box,* as cited above. In the John Murray (London) "definitive" edition, published in 1928, it has been deleted from *The Resident Patient,* and replaced in its totality by the text "'Unhealthy weather, Watson,' said my friend." The John Murray version of *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box* is identical with the Doubleday Doran version.

E. W. S.

Caducity of Editors

SIR:—As a former Editor, the past few years have brought a constant string of earnest young people to my office door, convinced that they have just what it takes to become a great editor. Furthermore, they are certain that an editor's life is the life for them. Consequently they are prepared to storm the strongholds and wrest success from a somewhat reluctant destiny.

Now while I admire the courage of my young visitors and their enthusiasm there isn't much that I can do for them in the way of a job—so I give them fatherly advice; try to get them to see the error of their way and select some other less hazardous occupation than journalism, knowing all along that it won't make the slightest difference. They'll persist in their course anyway.

But recently I found my answer to this problem. A few months ago, I picked up a volume in a second-hand bookstore. It was a very handsome volume entitled *A Portrait Gallery of American Editors* and cost, when originally published, all of thirty-five dollars. Just why anyone would want to pay that not inconsiderable sum to gaze upon the countenances of some forty odd, largely oldish men—and a few women—I can't see for the life of me. But anyway William Edwin Rudge, the publisher, and Doris Ullman, who took the photographs and edited the book, were more sanguine. (The fact that I obtained it for $2.50 leads me to believe that their sanguinity was largely misplaced.)

Browsing through the pages, a remark of John Farrar's at the luncheon table one day came to mind. He stated that the average Editor's span of greatest usefulness averaged ten years—at the most fifteen. Applying John's yardstick to the Editors in Miss Ullman's book, we found it amazingly correct. Of the forty-three Editors at the height of their power thirteen years ago but two out of the entire group, in this year of grace 1938, are still editing the same or, for the most part, any magazine. Both survivors, oddly enough, in the Condé Nast organization. One—Richardson Wright, Editor of *House and Garden,* the other, Edna Woolman Chase of *Vogue.* And of the thirty-nine magazines then published, thirteen had suspended publication entirely and several others had been merged or in the case of *Life* had changed their character entirely. Nine of the Editors were dead—two by their own hand—two had retired, one was editing the Sunday Section of a daily newspaper, and of nine we could find no trace. The remaining thirty had quit journalism entirely for other and we trust more substantial occupation. One had become Governor of a New England State; another Vice-President of a large Public Utility Company; several had gone into the more lucrative fields of advertising or public relations; two or three more fortunate than the rest, perhaps, were receiving pensions for their years of work, but there were several others still among the ranks of the unemployed.

So, nowadays, when a young man or woman suggests taking up editing as a profession, I merely hand them the book with the summary. Not that it will do any good, for youth is ever (fortunately for the world) optimistic. But ten or fifteen years from now they can't look at me accusingly and demand to know why I didn't tell 'em the facts of an Editor's Life. Well, there's one consolation, I probably won't be here to see them.

REGINALD T. TOWNSEND.

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A crowd of refugees from Irun who had sought safety in Hendaye, France. (From *Illustrated London News*)

Tyranny and Liberalism

REFUGEES: ANARCHY OR ORGANIZATION? By Dorothy Thompson. With an Introduction by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Random House. 1938. $1.

DOROTHY THOMPSON'S POLITICAL GUIDE. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1938. $1.25.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THESE books are both expansions of magazine articles, the nucleus of the study of refugees being the contribution to *Foreign Affairs* which was largely responsible for the calling of the Evian conference. Miss Thompson apologizes for it as a hasty job which she wrote because she felt she simply had to, but it has the merits of the sort of thing people write because they have to; there is intensity of feeling in it, a vivid picture of the dreadful situation of some millions of people who no longer can call any country their own. And there is also a very sensible plan, worked out in collaboration with Moritz Schlesinger who was associated with Nansen in post-war refugee work, which might settle the present refugee problem if there were enough good will, unselfishness, and intelligence in this world available to apply it.

There are two critical points in any refugee settlement—places to put the refugees, and means for financing their movement. Miss Thompson points out that there are plenty of countries that have more room, even if her estimates on the population possibilities of tropical regions seem wildly optimistic; and while the modern pioneer is no longer content with a log cabin in a clearing, but wants telephones, automobiles, and radios as soon as he can get them, "the settler's demand for the advantages of civilization will actually prove to be his greatest asset to the country where he settles." As for the financing of these mass migrations, "charity is not enough." If capitalism "had a more enterprising spirit," if its "imagination had not been dulled" (treasonable words, Miss Thompson) international finance could organize something on the line of the old East India Companies for developing the waste places of the earth through an unusually high type of immigration. But capitalism being what it is, a more practical method would be one which has been employed on a small scale in Palestine—the utilization of blocked funds belonging to refugees or foreigners, especially in Germany, to finance exports which could be used by the refugees getting settled in their new homes. Or if the British government, unable to receive many refugees itself but eager to contribute to the solution of the problem, put up a few million pounds to help finance the transfer, that could be charged off of the war debt to the United States. . . .

And at about this point the reader wakes up, and comes to a conclusion which is underlined by the present state of the Evian conference. All this is perfectly sound, in theory; it makes sense—but if this were a sensible world there would be no refugee problem. No country, however vast its open spaces, seems very anxious to receive much immigration at present; nor have the Germans as yet displayed any enthusiasm for turning blocked funds into exports that might bring some advantage to somebody else. As for the British war debt, who would be so ill bred as to mention that in Westminster when England needs the money for other things? Miss Thompson deserves high praise for reminding us that the thing could be done; unless what is left of civilization is simply to give up and quit, we have to keep on trying. But the immediate prospects of getting anywhere are dim—and within a few months, or a few weeks, there may very well be forty million refugees instead of four million.

The "Political Guide" is subtitled "a study of American liberalism and its relationship to modern totalitarian states," and here, too, one notes an occasional confusion between what ought to be and what is. Miss Thompson likens the behavior of a nation which fails to participate in a collective security plan to that of a citizen who is willing to let a kidnapper snatch anybody else's baby so long as his own is let alone. This is a worthy moral concept but the realities of the international situation are hardly so simple.

Her concept of liberalism is a high-minded one, but when she says that liberalism went astray because the idea of self-realization "became perverted into the idea of self-interest," and denounces the "mechanical conception that the unbridled competition of egoistic self-interests will work out automatically in the greatest good for the greatest number," she is denying one aspect of historical liberalism, and implying a definition that would not be shared by many readers of the *Herald Tribune*. She brackets the Wagner Act in denunciation with Russian purges and German anti-Semitism; "for is it not clear that under any economic system there will be workers and directors, and if one destroys utterly the spirit of collaboration, how shall one revive it?" The employees of Mr. Tom Girdler might feel that the spirit of collaboration is something that ought to work two ways, but Miss Thompson (who probably deplores Mr. Girdler) equally deplores measures that may eventually bring him and his like into step.

However, her book is infused with a praiseworthy sentiment, and she most certainly deserves a citation for insisting that every American ought to be made to pass an examination on "The Federalist."

Elmer Davis is one of the most trenchant commentators on the passing scene. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines, an ex-newspaper man, and a close follower of the political affairs of the United States.

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The Rebellious Muse

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY AND RAYMOND HOLDEN

"THE FAIRIES IN MY GARDEN" SCHOOL

NO TRESPASSING

I hate fairies,
I hate elves.
They can all
Go chase themselves!

Puck, Peasblossom,
Oberon,
Better not trespass
On my front lawn.

Or in my garden
(That lovesome grot)
I'll knock their heads off
As soon as not!

I'll finish them up
In a style macabre,
Before they can say
"Abracadabre."

I hate pixies
I hate sprites,
Magic-circling
Around o'nights.

The very thought
Makes my blood curdle.
I'll take toads,
Or a nice mud turtle.

THREE THINGS I LOVE SCHOOL

THREE LOVES HAVE I

Three things I love: cold oatmeal in the morning,
Turgid and lumpy, with blue milk upon it;
A sudden shower that comes with no fair warning
When I go walking in my new spring bonnet;
Poets, whose little Muse has died a'borning,
Who list three loves in cinquain or in sonnet!

THE GYPSY TRAIL SCHOOL

DETOUR—GYPSY TRAIL CLOSED

Now that the hills are all a'glow
With flame in every tree,
Think you I'd get me up and go
To follow Romany?

Not while I've got a quiet cot
A well-filled barn and byre,
A sleek fat cat upon a mat,
A comfortable fire.

Think you my ears are deaf at night
To caravans afar,
Where the long road lies moonlit, white?
They are, my lad, they are.

Oh you can choose the Autumns gold,
And think that you are rich,
But I shan't fancy, when I'm old,
A'sleeping in a ditch.

The gypsy life's a lusty life
For them as likes to roam—
But I shall make a sober wife.
I'd liefer stay at home!

"BEAUTY BREAKS THE HEART" SCHOOL

I CAN STAND BEAUTY

God—what a day!
This lake so breathless-blue, the tall hills near it.
Such beauty is too much to bear, you say?
No, I can bear it.

Yon grey cliff's slant
Leaning upon the sky, exquisite, proud,
Pierces the breast with rapture? Well, *I* shan't
Suddenly cry aloud.

I do confess
The sun's like gold, the apple trees are fleecy
With nebulous, snowy blossoms. Nevertheless,
I take it easy.

Though April now
With all her delicate magic is contriving
To make the world too beautiful, somehow
I'm still surviving.

THE GREAT MOTHER EARTH SCHOOL

MISCHIEF IN EARTH'S FIERY GUT

Earth's a funny place to be.
(Fade, sun, you fading star, you!)
Earth's sixty-seven percent sea—
Ten more, and then where are you?

Grass grows like beards, and must be cut.
Sweet blooms breed allergies.
There's mischief in earth's fiery gut
And poison in her trees.

No fairy godmother, but witch,
Earth feeds us what she's got,
Then bites us to determine which
Is ready for the pot!

THE SEA FEVER SCHOOL

LAND FEVER

His mother bore him at the prairie's rim,
And he was bred for cactus and tall sky.
Wherefore the seashore disagreed with him—
He longed for desert acres, hot and dry.
Dreaming of sagebrush and of alkali
The smell of seaweed filled him with disgust.
He stared at breakers with a jaundiced eye
And yearned to sniff again the thick white dust.

With such an heritage, could he forget
Coyotes, howling in the tumbleweed,
The sound of horses, and the Western speech?
Spindrift, to him, was merely something wet,
And salt-eyed, silly mariners a breed
To shun, as ebb-tide shuns a smelly beach.

Installment Reading

(*Continued from page* 4)

cline of the "custom-tailored" and mechanically contrived story. It is declining, and its loss of favor was dramatized to me by an incident in my office only a couple of years ago. I dislike having to indicate literary values by prices, because true literary values and prices obtained for writing have little correspondence. However, in this case the point can best be made by stating that the agent of an author who had been paid upwards of fifty thousand dollars for the serial rights of each of several novels, offered the then latest written at five thousand dollars, and even at that price it was refused not only in our office but in others. The magazine market for that kind of writing had badly broken, and a current inspection of certain circulation reports of certain magazines which today are depending upon the machine-made and routine-written serial, seem to confirm the conviction that their day is almost done.

As magazine stories have become more realistic, the previously inevitable "happy ending" had to go. We have stories with happy endings now, but we do not insist upon them. One of our friends asked us the other day: "How do you dare print so many stories without happy endings?" And our spokesman, who knows the answers to almost everything, replied: "We don't let that worry us. Where are the people who had to have the happy endings—whatever the facts were?"

And our inquisitor and our spokesman looked at each other, and together repeated: "In the breadlines."

Edwin Balmer is the editor of Redbook Magazine. *He is the author of a large number of novels, and has been a frequent contributor to the large circulation magazines.*

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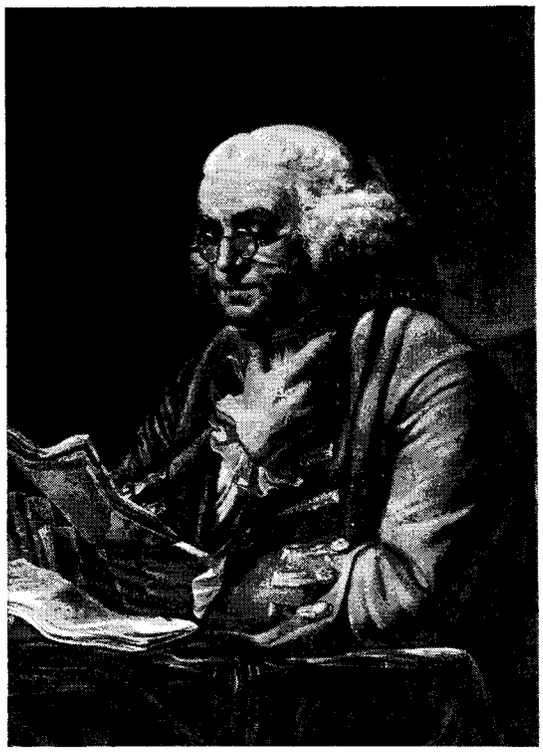
*BOOK PREVIEW**

Franklin's Neglected Maxims

BY CARL VAN DOREN



Detroit Publishing Co.
Benjamin Franklin

FOR Franklin 1732 was a busy and crucial year. His *Gazette* was profitable, and he had a hand in other *Gazettes* in South Carolina and Rhode Island. He was printer to Pennsylvania and printer on his own account. Besides the Junto there was the new library. Through the library and the Masons he was widening his acquaintance among Philadelphians more prominent than his Leather Apron friends. At home he had a shop in part of his house, where his wife helped him sell books and stationery and his mother-in-law sold the salves and ointments which she made. On 20 October his son Francis Folger was born. But all these were not enough, nor the letters which Franklin wrote for the *Gazette* that summer as from Anthony Afterwit, Celia Single, Alice Addertongue. He wanted another outlet and another income, and, perhaps without realizing it, another character to play. He found them in the almanac which he published for the first time in December, in the character of Poor Richard.

Books might sell, almanacs were sure to. Many households in the colonies had no printed matter besides an almanac, but almost every one of them had that. An almanac had been the first thing printed in Pennsylvania, by William Bradford for Daniel Leeds. Almanacs, pocket-size and paper-bound, calculated the tides and the changes of the moon, and claimed to forecast the weather. Almanacs were calendars. They furnished astrology for those who believed in it. There were sometimes recipes in almanacs, and jokes and poems and maxims and odd facts of many sorts. The skimpy margins of the calendar pages were a diary. Children might learn to read from almanacs. The printer of a successful almanac could make money, and the compiler of it a reputation. Andrew Bradford had long issued the annual *American Almanac* of Titan Leeds. Another son of Daniel Leeds, Felix Leeds, was an almanac-maker too. Keimer had undertaken almanacs. And Franklin himself had published not only Thomas Godfrey's almanac for three years but also John Jerman's for 1731 and 1732.

Almanacs usually appeared in October or November for the following year. Franklin was late with his *Poor Richard, 1733.* The *Gazette* announced it as just published 19 December 1732 at fivepence a copy. Within three weeks there had had to be three impressions, and Richard Saunders quickly passed all his rival philomaths. The imaginary astrologer probably took his full name from an actual English Richard Saunder, compiler of the *Apollo Anglicanus,* though Denham's account book lists a Philadelphia Richard Saunders as one of the firm's customers. The suggestion of the more common name Poor Richard may have come from the *Poor Robin* almanac which James Franklin was issuing at Newport.

The almanac for 1748 and afterwards was called *Poor Richard Improved,* and was larger than before. It had become an institution. It sold ten thousand copies a year. Franklin in 1757, writing his preface for 1758, skimmed his almanacs for twenty-five years to make up a single harangue which Poor Richard said he had heard an old man deliver at an auction. This is "The Way to Wealth," which stands with the "Autobiography" as the best and farthest known of all Franklin's writings, and which has been taken for the essence of his wisdom.

It is not that, and it gives only one aspect of the younger Franklin. Father Abraham at the auction is an old man talking about economy. He has chosen from Poor Richard the sayings which specially prove his point, and left out the rest. Having the last word, he has had almost the only word. "The Way to Wealth" has been endlessly reprinted, while the original almanacs were most of them worn out and thrown away, and the few that have survived are guarded like the bullion which they are worth. Everybody knows the Poor Richard that has been saved in Father Abraham's speech. Nobody knows Poor Richard as he was in the racy years which made him known to his contemporaries. Franklin, remembering, said he had filled "all the little spaces" with "proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth and thereby securing virtue." Poor Richard for 1739 had put the matter differently. "Be not thou disturbed, O grave and sober reader, if among the many serious sentences in my book thou findest me trifling now and then, and talking idly. In all the dishes I have hitherto cooked for thee, there is solid meat enough for thy money. There are scraps from the table of wisdom that will, if well digested, yield strong nourishment to thy mind. But squeamish stomachs cannot eat without pickles; which, 'tis true, are good for nothing else, but they provoke an appetite."

The earlier Poor Richard was by no means always on the side of calculating prudence. "Never spare the parson's wine nor the baker's pudding" (1733). "Innocence is its own defence" (1733). "As charms are nonsense, nonsense is a charm" (1734). "What one relishes, nourishes" (1734). "He does not possess wealth; it possesses him" (1734). "Avarice and happiness never saw each other. How then

**This week* The Saturday Review *presents part of a chapter from Carl Van Doren's "Franklin," to be published by the Viking Press. The book is the October selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

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should they become acquainted?" (1734). "Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things" (1735). "There's more old drunkards than old doctors" (1736). "Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it" (1736). "He that can take rest is greater than he that can take cities" (1737). "Hast thou virtue? Acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue" (1738).

Poor Richard could say: "Nothing but money is sweeter than honey" (1735), but he spoke of many things besides. "Kings and bears often worry their keepers" (1733). "Hunger never saw bad bread" (1733). "Eat to live, and not live to eat" (1733). "Men and melons are hard to know" (1733). "There is no little enemy" (1733). "He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir" (1733). "The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart" (1733). "He that drinks fast pays slow" (1733). "Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him" (1734). "Where there's marriage without love there will be love without marriage" (1734). "He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich" (1734). "Approve not of him who commends all you say" (1735). "The family of fools is ancient" (1735). "Look before or you'll find yourself behind" (1735). "A lie stands on one leg, truth on two" (1735). "Sloth and silence are a fool's virtues" (1735). "Deny self for self's sake" (1735). "Opportunity is the great bawd" (1735). "An old young man will be a young old man" (1735). "He is no clown that drives the plough, but he that doth clownish things" (1736). "Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow" (1736). "The rotten apple spoils his companions" (1736). "Fish and visitors smell in three days" (1736). "He that has neither fools nor beggars among his kindred is the son of thunder-gust" (1736). "Admiration [wonder] is the daughter of ignorance" (1736). "Bargaining has neither friends nor relations" (1736). "He that can have patience can have what he will" (1736). "None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing" (1736). "The absent are never without fault, nor the present without excuse" (1736). "Poverty, poetry, and new titles of honor make men ridiculous" (1736). "A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats" (1737). "Love and lordship hate companions" (1737). "There are no ugly loves nor handsome prisons" (1737). "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise" (1737). "Write with the learned, pronounce with the vulgar" (1738). "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do things worth the writing" (1738).

Poor Richard in these gamy years spoke often of women, tenderly and cynically in turn. "A house without a woman and firelight is like a body without soul or sprite" (1733).

"You cannot pluck roses without fear of thorns,
Nor enjoy a fair wife without danger of horns" (1734).

"Neither a fortress nor a m———d will hold out long after they begin to parley" (1734). "Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can" (1734). "A little house well filled, a little field well tilled, and a little wife well willed, are great riches" (1735).

"When [Mars] and [Venus] in conjunction lie,
Then, maids, whate'er is asked of you deny" (1735).

"A ship under sail and a big-bellied woman are the handsomest two things that can be seen common" (1735). "Let thy maidservant be faithful, strong, and homely" (1736). "He that takes a wife takes care" (1736). "Why does the blind man's wife paint herself?" (1736). "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards" (1738).

These varied sayings run through *Poor Richard* side by side with the stricter—and some of them later—maxims of prudence that Franklin put into Father Abraham's summary. (Those marked with a star are thought to be original with Franklin.) "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them" (1733). "Early to bed and rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise" (1735). "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee" (1735). "God helps them that help themselves" (1736). "Creditors have better memories than debtors" (1736). *"An empty bag cannot stand upright" (1740). *"The sleeping fox catches no poultry. Up! Up!" (1743). *"If you'd have it done, go; if not, send" (1743). *"Experience keeps a dear school, yet fools will learn in no other" (1743). *"The used key is always bright" (1744). "When the well's dry, we know the worth of water" (1746). "For want of a nail the shoe is lost; for want of a shoe the horse is lost; for want of a horse the rider is lost" (1752). "In the affairs of this world, men are saved not by faith but by the want of it" (1754). "Three removes is as bad as a fire" (1758).

Poor Richard took wisdom and wit where he could find them: from Dryden, Pope, Prior, Gay, Swift, Bacon, La Rochefoucauld, Rabelais, and many other known masters. There are sayings in Latin, Spanish, French, German, and Welsh. The rustic philosopher drew also on the stream of popular adages, whether already gathered into printed collections or still only current in ordinary speech. In this profusion and uncertainty of sources Poor Richard never hesitated to rework his texts to suit his purpose and his audience. Whatever passed through Franklin's mind brought away some of its qualities and its flavor. Writing, he thought, should be "smooth, clear, and short." The Scottish proverb: "Fat housekeepers make lean executors" he simplified to: "A fat kitchen, a lean will" (1733). Another proverb ran in its Scottish version: "A gloved cat was never a good hunter"; and in an English version: "A muffled cat is no good mouser." Franklin sharpened it: "The cat in gloves catches no mice" (1754). To what had been: "Many strokes fell great oaks" Franklin gave a more pointed antithesis: "Little strokes fell great oaks" (1751). "Three may keep counsel if two of them are away" became in his handling more cynical, and plainer, as: "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead" (1735). There was a stock saying: "Good wits jump" which Swift put into the mouth of one of his foolish talkers in "Genteel and Ingenious Conversation." Franklin laughingly dramatized it: "Great wits jump, says the poet, and hit his head against the post" (1735). "The king's cheese goes half way in parings" was an old fling at the wastefulness

Franklin at the court of Louix XVI. (From a painting by Baron Jolly)

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of courts. Franklin made another application: "The king's cheese is half wasted in parings; but no matter, 'tis made of the people's milk" (1735). And in one of his proverbs Franklin, proverbial for prudence, took the imprudent side. An Italian proverb had been translated into English as: "It is better to have an egg today than tomorrow a hen." Thomas Fuller in 1732 had firmly turned it to: "It is better to have a hen tomorrow than an egg today." Franklin turned it back to the spendthrift: "An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow" (1734).

There is one larger example of Franklin's method with his sources. In the almanac for 1739 he gave a "True Prognostication" which came direct from the "Pantagruelian Prognostication" at the end of the Urquhart-Motteux version of Rabelais. Of the eclipses of the year Pantagruel says in a rich rush of words: "Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury unfixed as quicksilver. . . . For this reason the crabs will go sidelong and the rope-makers backward . . . bacon will run away from pease in Lent; the belly will waddle before; the bum will sit down first; there will be not a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice will not run as you wish, though you cog them . . . brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day . . . such a hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven-and-twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian do not hold them in. If God do not help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full." Poor Richard, writing for cramped pages, had to be brief. Writing for Pennsylvania, he left out the Catholic and medieval touches in Pantagruel, and put American notes in their place. "During the first visible eclipse," he wrote, "Saturn is retrograde; for which reason the crabs will go sidelong and the rope-makers backward. The belly will wag before, and the a—— shall sit down first. Mercury will have his share in these affairs, and so confound the speech of people that when a Pennsylvanian would say *panther* he shall say *painter*. When a New Yorker thinks to say *this* he shall say *diss*. And the people in New England and Cape May will not be able to say *cow* for their lives, but will be forced to say *keow* by a certain involuntary twist in the root of their tongues. No Connecticut man nor Marylander will be able to open his mouth this year but *Sir* shall be the first or the last syllable he pronounces, and sometimes both. Brutes shall speak in many places, and there will be above seven-and-twenty irregular verbs made this year, if grammar don't interpose.—Who can help these misfortunes!" And so on through the prognostication, fitting the original to fresh uses.

Franklin, creating the character of Poor Richard, also assumed it, as another role like that of the complete tradesman. The rising philosopher could not be for ever in his leather apron, behind his conscious wheelbarrow. He wanted to speak out. Young, he might not be listened to in his own person. As Poor Richard he had a dramatic license to speak as he chose. He could pretend to be an astrologer and yet make fun of superstition. He could pretend to be old and wise, packing his almanac with wisdom in the verses and proverbs which were all he had space for. If he laid frequent stress on prudence, that was in part because the folk-wisdom on which he drew is largely prudence, which is the ordinary wisdom of ordinary men. At the same time, Franklin believed in prudence. He was not a mystic but a moralist, and the first law of his nature was order. Order in human life, he held, begins in the daily habits of men looking out for themselves. They must work to be happy, and save to be secure. There were plenty of mysteries about men, but industry and frugality were not mysterious. A man who practised them might go beyond them to more important things, as Franklin aimed to. Industry and frugality were the simple, natural road to freedom.

Franklin could see that the times called for Poor Richard's counsel. Philadelphia had not yet become what he helped to make it. Besides the orderly Quakers and Germans there were many immigrants to that hopeful town who had been misfits in Europe and did not soon adjust themselves in America. They looked for the sudden riches they had been told about. They hunted for buried treasure. Disappointed, they drifted off to the back country or to the West Indies. Because some men profited by speculation, many men speculated, wasting time and money. In the shortage of skilled labor, so much work was badly done that the pride of craftsmanship was lost. People who had had no chance to save in England did not learn to save in Pennsylvania. They waited for miracles. Franklin, bred in settled Boston, felt that Philadelphia must be industrious and frugal before it could be anything else. This middle way was the way of the new world. Few men of privilege had come from Europe to America. They had not needed to emigrate. Few of the helpless European poor had come. They had not been able to. The colonists were "middling people" and they must work and save if they were to survive and prosper. Franklin as Poor Richard was merely insisting that the first thing to build in their house was the plain foundation. But with how much wit and charm he insisted!

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Dictatorship States

UNTO CÆSAR. By F. A. Voigt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

TO the theological controversy raging between supporters of rival secular religions—all ultimately bent on subordination of the individual to the collective interests of the modern state—F. A. Voigt, foreign affairs editor of the *Manchester Guardian,* contributes a brilliant appraisal of National Socialism and Communism. Whatever their dissimilarities, due to the different historical environments in which they developed, the two movements according to Voigt, are anti-capitalistic and anti-democratic revolutions whose leaders promise to the masses the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. This utopian objective, whose fulfillment must be eternally hampered by human limitations, has in both cases been pursued by violence and terrorism. The rapidly spreading illusion that security and happiness for all can be achieved by force is regarded by Voigt as the greatest spiritual menace of our age.

While unreservedly condemning Russian Communism—which he describes in exaggerated terms, without sufficient analysis of its peculiarly Russian background—Voigt reserves his severest strictures for German Nazism, whose international aspirations create the most immediate danger to world peace. In a stirring chapter Voigt weighs the events which brought about the downfall of German Social Democracy which, he thinks, succeeded in maintaining national unity after Versailles, but only at the cost of sacrificing socialism. He does not mince words about the German Communists, for their blind allegiance to Moscow, their unrestrained attacks on socialists and liberals, and their essentially anti-democratic methods, which made them kin to the Nazis. The Communists, he says, "were a danger to the Republic, but a *counter-revolutionary* danger—never a *revolutionary* danger. To Hitler they were a help of decisive importance."

The great strength of Hitler, whose success has belied Marxist prophecies of proletarian revolution in Germany, is due to the fact that his movement is a synthesis of the four major trends of post-war emotion—acute nationalism, anti-Semitism, anti-communism, and anti-capitalism. By playing alternately on these various strings, Hitler has found it possible to make a much wider appeal than either liberals or communists. Unlike the Marxists, Hitler opposes capitalism not as a bourgeois but as an essentially Jewish evil, thus winning the support of Aryan industrialists; and seduces the bourgeoisie by his hostility to class war as a Jewish-inspired phenomenon, incompatible with national unity.

Yet fearful as Voigt is of Germany's designs on Europe and the world, he condemns the idea of international sanctions which, in his opinion, would degenerate into a form of super-dictatorship, imposing unbearable risks and burdens on a country like Britain, faced with the necessity of protecting a far-flung empire against the covetousness of Germany, Italy, and Japan. "The policy demanded by English interests," according to Voigt,

> is neither one of intervention nor of aloofness. It is for England to defend commercial and political interests everywhere . . . for the purpose of perpetuating the balance of general or local political and commercial forces and interests. . . . It is for England to distrust all political abstractions and all utopian systems, to have a *bias* in favor of detachment and isolation and against all alliances, coalitions, and commitments, but to shun doctrinaire isolation, and to conclude alliances, join coalitions, and take on commitments whenever the defense of her vital interests leaves her no alternative.

To pursue this opportunistic policy, England must be more heavily armed than its potential enemies. The question which Voigt leaves unanswered is whether England—and the other Western democracies—will not be forced, by the increasing cost of armament, to follow the example of the dictatorship countries, and render unto Cæsar the spiritual wealth inherited from centuries of civilization.

Vera Micheles Dean is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Roman Garb

THE CLOTHING OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS. By Lillian M. Wilson. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1938. $5.

THIS appears to be a Ph.D. thesis, offering an exhaustive account of everything the Romans ever wore, except hats and shoes; and to the lay reader it suggests some reflections on differences between ancient and modern culture that are apt to be overlooked. The Romans are renowned as a practical race, but this reputation is hardly borne out by their costume. Clothing has three purposes—beauty, comfort, and (in modern times) the stimulation of business. About beauty there can be little argument; every race in every age seems to find the sort of clothes it happens to be wearing reasonably satisfactory in appearance. The difference between a smartly dressed and a badly dressed Roman lay in the way cloak and tunic were draped; and as drapery is now almost a lost art, these refinements are beyond our appreciation.

The Romans, on the other hand, seem to have been utterly blank to the economic possibilities of the garment trade.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TOO MANY COOKS *Rex Stout* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	Fatal skewering of famous chef at convocation of culinary maestros slickly solved by Nero Wolfe and faithful Archie.	Grand build-up, unusually interesting background, and jaunty dialogue effectively disguise fact that solution is just suspicion underdone.	First class
A BODY ROLLED DOWN-STAIRS *Inez Haynes Irwin* (Random House: $2.)	Dominating New England spinster stabbed as "Peregrination" begins. Detective Pat O'Brien uncovers lurid spots in apparently speckless reputations.	Horde of nice people makes identification of killer difficult. Sleuthing — like background and characters — extra well done.	Very good
A FUNERAL IN EDEN *Paul McGuire* (Morrow: $2.)	Unwanted intruder in idyllic tropic isle dies violently. White "Sultan" unravels this and another murder.	Veers toward talkiness at times but seenery is delightful, writing good, sleuth clever, and criminal elusive.	Better grade
DEATH OF A TYRANT *E. R. Punshon* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Agents of wicked foreign power in England meet sticky ends. Sgt. Bobby Owens does the investigating.	International intrigue yarn with murderous trimmings and a love affair. Some good scenes but on the whole—	Stuffy
DEATH WALKS ON CAT FEET *Paul Haggard* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Skull of slain woman in hatbox of his assistant's fiancee starts Sam Macabre on long and gory trail.	Tough, gruesome and quite improbable but ingeniously plotted, and highly seasoned, and snapping with action.	Fantastic
ONCE TOO OFTEN *Whitman Chambers* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Vampirish newspaper gal, suspected of slaying brand new husband almost ruins narrator of yarn but placid Capt. Meek saves him.	Runs a high fever from start to finish. Alcoholic content very high with numerous purple pages, and ending grisly but effective.	Tropical
THEY CAN'T HANG ME *James Ronald* (Crime Club: $2.)	Triple murder in London newspaper office pinned on escaped lunatic with grievance, but A. McNab, amazing Scot, has doots.	Light may dawn on observant reader too soon but oddities of sleuth and abundant action carry tale to mad conclusion.	Readable

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Roman women (at least those who were prominent enough to get into the news) had a taste for variety in husbands, but not in costume; they wore substantially the same styles for seven hundred years. Even for men the mode changed only about once in a century, and some respectable economists think that this was one reason why Rome fell. If there had been a consumer demand for new styles, a society in the incipient stage of capitalism might have stepped up production in response and pulled itself through the hard times. Roman men did indeed get tired of the toga, which (like the tail coat) was once the garment of everybody, but eventually became something that even persons of quality put on only on formal occasions, and then with groans and sputterings. But substantially Roman costume for both sexes consisted of a tunic and a cloak; which, in winter time, could hardly have been comfortable.

The barbarian slacks were always bad form for a Roman, though one cannot quite share Dr. Wilson's certainty that they were never worn, even on campaign in the North. For the rigors of Gaulish and German winters the Romans had recourse to a sort of tight-fitting knee breeches, supplemented on occasion by puttees. But though they had sleeved tunics they never thought of the sleeved overcoat; a Roman who wanted to use an arm had to get it out from under his cloak. Their more intimate garments, too, must have been inadequate even for Italian winters. Augustus, who had low blood pressure and was inclined to chills, could think of nothing to do about it but to wear four tunics over his drawers instead of one. He ended a political and social revolution that had been going on for a hundred years, he restored peace and prosperity to a world on the verge of suicide; but it never occurred to him to tuck his shirt in. One cannot help wondering what omissions of the glaringly obvious men of today will be noted by historians of the year 4000.

But perhaps the question answers itself, and Augustus has the last laugh after all. Contemporary statesmen know enough to tuck the shirt in, whatever its color; but none of them knows how to stop war and restore prosperity.

Australian Parenthood

COMING INTO BEING AMONG AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES. By M. F. Ashley-Montagu. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER

SUBSTANTIALLY the volume here presented is a monograph on the ideas of parenthood native to the aborigines of Australia. For many years anthropological literature has discussed or echoed the notion that certain tribes of men, and in particular the blackfellows of Australia, have no notion that sexual intercourse is causal of the birth of children, or, briefly, that fatherhood is a physiological function. This is the question which the author of "Coming into Being" proposes to settle in his study, and in effect he has given us an exhaustive survey of its literature.

He begins with an analysis of the Arunta, as the type pattern of Australian native culture, utilizing for basic materials the long-famous "Native Tribes of Central Australia" of Spencer and Gillen and the later (1927) volumes of Spencer on "The Arunta." He proceeds from this to a series of chapters on the "Procreative Beliefs" of the several other groups of blackfellows as these are indicated in the writings, very liberally quoted, of other observers, early and late. He then sums up the data in a concluding chapter dealing with the ceremonial aspects of sexual life and native beliefs associated with it. The work is introduced by a highly laudatory Foreword by Malinowski, who is apparently not only virtually convinced by the author's argument but is happy to accept his study as a model of sanity in anthropological procedure.

Dr. Ashley-Montagu's conclusions are most interesting. In the first place he finds that the blackfellow is not only ignorant of any physiological fatherhood, but even of any "blood-relationship" between either parent and their child. The mother herself is no more than the host, as it were, of the child who decides to be born of her body; she is in no sense its shaper or genetrice. Motherhood and fatherhood both in Australia, are essentially social; they "are based upon and fulfil certain fundamental social needs . . . there is nothing of any biological or physiological nature nor any concepts of consanguinity associated with these relationships." "Intercourse is nowhere considered as capable of producing pregnancy, but what is considered to be the effective cause of pregnancy, and nothing else, is the immigration into a woman of a spirit child from some definitely known external source, such as a totem center, an article of food, or a whirlwind, etc.; the spirit child being in origin entirely independent of its future parents."

Such is the thesis and the conclusion. In the development the author certainly throws frequent illumination upon the knotty problem of totemism or again upon ideas of incarnation and reincarnation or the curious and repeating conception of unborn infants as sprung from the fruit or blossoms of trees—all widecast among mankind, and perhaps because widecast likely to arouse some dubieties as to the adequacy of the local Australian picture even for Australia. Further, although the author assures and reassures his reader that he has certainly arrived at a final statement of the blackfellow's thought in the matter, it is to be questioned if his interpretation of his own evidence can persuade all. For difficult as it is to suppose much dissent from his demonstration of the native's ignorance of biology and embryology as taught by our own experience, it would appear to the reviewer that so far Dr. Ashley-Montagu has shown little more than this. As he himself says many white men are in the same sense ignorant, and indeed it would be rash to affirm that our biological wisdom at its best offers any very satisfactory solution of the problem of coming into being.

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The New Books

International

THE PERIL OF FASCISM: THE CRISIS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By A. B. Magil and Henry Stevens. International Publishers. 1938. $2.50.

Here is a typical Communist analysis of the American scene which will be illuminating to those who do not follow the party's publications and superfluous to those who do. Fascism—"the open terrorist dictatorship of the most predatory sections of the capitalist class"—is, according to the authors, the deadliest peril lying before us. In Germany and Italy it has ground down the miserable proletariat for the benefit of finance and monopoly capital. In this country its threat is apparent in innumerable incidents which prove that monopoly capitalism tends to utilize fascist demagogy for its nefarious ends. The whole long list of anti-labor bodies, the utterances of our most outright reactionaries, the professional patriots, the anti-Semites, the radio priests, and the secret terrorist societies—all are neatly catalogued, with a creditable wealth of invective. And the path we must follow is clear: the progressive forces of the nation, including the Communists, must stand together in defense of democracy, by pressing for a program of social reform here and combating the fascist juggernaut abroad.

This is a persuasive thesis, but it will scarcely be accepted in full by the average, slightly confused American. He will see in fascism abroad not the dictatorship of big capital but the enforced subservience of both capital and labor to an ironclad political machine with an impressive mass basis. He will distinguish between reactionary Americans who would merely stop the tide of social progress and those who would actively curtail existing democratic rights. After all, a political victory for American industrialists in 1940 or 1944 may give us a government like that of Neville Chamberlain or Edouard Daladier. To stigmatize such a government as fascist, or to force its hand by making impossible social demands, would be the best way to weaken the democratic fabric. To lead the nation into a crusade against fascism abroad might be the best way to establish it here. Above all, to trust the democratic fervor of the Communists—here today but gone tomorrow unless you believe that the fullest democracy on earth exists in the U.S.S.R.—is to vitiate the effectiveness of the truly social democratic movement in which America's hope must lie.

D. H. P.

MUSSOLINI'S ROMAN EMPIRE. By Geoffrey T. Garratt. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. $2.50.

Mr. Garratt's book—150,000 copies of which were sold in England, at sixpence the copy—contains no major revelations for the well-informed in this country, however startling it may have proved to our British brethren. Its theme is the spinelessness, the chicanery and the downright dishonesty with which Britain has responded to the Italian drive for empire. Mr. Garratt has spent a good deal of time in Ethiopia and in Spain during both of Italy's imperialist wars—he regards them as nothing less—and is a keen student of British diplomacy. When he attacks the falsehoods about the justice of Italy's aims, the prowess of her soldiery, and the undesirable traits of her enemies which have filled the conservative press in Britain, he does so with power and conviction. But the connivance of the British with the Italians revealed in the Hoare-Laval deal, the sham sanctions, and the Spanish-intervention policy are the daily stock in trade of most American foreign correspondents.

Where Mr. Garratt fails is in his attempt to explain satisfactorily the conduct of the British Foreign Office. Its sins, he assures us, spring from the fact that "a large proportion of the Foreign Office are drawn from wealthy Catholic families, and that the general atmosphere is extremely friendly to Fascism." The officials, we are told, are backed by the Catholic hierarchy, certain business and financial interests, and their subservient back-benchers in Parliament. Thus it is a divided and irresolute Britain which faces each test of strength with that reckless gambler who commands the full support of the Italian nation. Thus the British are relinquishing their strategic footholds in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to those who would make them the basis of a new Roman Empire.

If this were the whole story, however, we should scarcely expect to find the bulk of British public opinion solidly ranged behind Neville Chamberlain. Most Englishmen are not fascists; but neither are they war-mongers. They would rather see the Italians mired in Spain and Ethiopia than risk a general war by defying Italy. If war must come, they would prefer to postpone it as long as possible, while their gigantic rearmament program progresses. This may be a mistaken policy. But it commands the support of hundreds of thousands who are not Catholics, fascists, or capitalists. By not giving due weight to Neville Chamberlain's *Realpolitik* Mr. Garratt has diminished the value of an otherwise competent and forceful book.

D. H. P.

Miscellaneous

MENTAL CONFLICTS AND PERSONALITY. By Mandel Sherman, M.D. Longmans, Green. 1938. $2.25.

Against a background of the work of others who have explored the dynamics of human behavior, Dr. Sherman rapidly sketches an immense variety of personality of conflicts. In places the background seems rather vague, when we read "various writers have emphasized," "some writers have put it," "some psychiatrists believe," and so on. On the other hand there are many short, definitive references to representative investigators. The studies of sociologists as well as of psychologists and psychiatrists come in for considerable notice, although it is clear that the author's greatest debt is to psychoanalytic thought, even though Freud receives actual mention but once in the index and psychoanalysis not at all.

From anthropological and sociological considerations the book goes on to discuss various matters, such as personality testing, sexual disturbances, rather ineptly termed "sex conflicts," antisocial behavior of children, and neurotic behavior. This quickly served melange would be difficult of digestion in even advanced courses of psychology and education, and it is in immense contrast to the detailed original contributions of the Shermans and their colleagues.

But what are these mental conflicts that Sherman is talking about? Psychiatrists generally consider a mental conflict to be purely an intrapsychic affair, mainly unconscious. Some urges are at war with other inner forces, perhaps conscience. But over and beyond this, for Sherman a mental conflict is also the pattern of mental activity characterized by unpleasant emotional attitudes "involving a discrepancy between one's desires and the acceptance of social or other restrictions to their attainment." This latter concept of a mental conflict, of course, designates merely the uncomfortable tensions which arise when inner attitudes are ranged against cultural requirements and restrictions. A considerable share of Dr. Sherman's book is taken up with discus-

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 229)

LEIGH HUNT: "TALKING OF NONSENSE."

The difference between nonsense not worth talking and nonsense worth it, is simply this: the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. . . . A Quaker's coat and a garden are not more dissimilar.

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sion of such clashes and the results of conflict between personality needs and environmental pressures.

Coming from such a well oriented student there is, of course, a vast amount of valuable material in this volume. However, it makes one almost breathless when on two successive ordinary sized pages there is a hop, skip, and jump from race and religious prejudice and the insecurity of nations to the religious convert and the vice crusader. Short case studies are given here and there in illustration, but the reviewer must confess that he does not in every instance get the point of these as bearing on the matter at issue. Finally one wonders whether a fairer representation of the contents would not have been under some such caption as "The Motivations of Human Behavior"—at least, then, there could be no criticism of the field that is covered.

W. H.

THE FAITHFUL MOHAWKS. By John Wolfe Lydekker. New York: Macmillan (Cambridge University Press). 1938. $3.75.

This study of the "Elder Brother" of the Five Nations is a compilation, richly studded with source material, from the point of view of the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel, and largely from their archives. It is a learned though biased work, which will be of real value to historians.

O. La F.

THE EVOLUTION OF FINANCE CAPITALISM. By George W. Edwards. Longmans, Green. 1938. $4.

In spite of an awkward title, with which the author himself is not satisfied, this is a readable and provocative book, representing much patient research. Professor Edwards has made a distinct contribution to our understanding of what in our own industrial history is a relatively recent but highly important development. He describes the rise of the financial enterpriser, as distinguished from the industrialist proper, and the effects of his specialized functions upon our economic, political, and social development. This phase of our social evolution he designates as security capitalism. In other words, there are two types of capitalists, the industrial and the financial. Occasionally the two types are combined in one individual, as in the case of the elder Rockefeller and of Henry Ford, but the trend is toward differentiation. In the American industrial field there have, to be sure, been leaders like Thomas Edison, Andrew Carnegie, and E. H. Harriman, but over this domain the financier has come to wield enormous influence.

Professor Edwards is a firm believer in the need of security capitalism under modern business conditions, but he is also fully aware of the shortcomings and the abuses which have accompanied its development, and he is convinced that "forces of disintegration" are now at work which may menace its existence if they are permitted to continue long unchecked. A final chapter is therefore devoted to the consideration of reconstruction and reform. Here the author is not at his best; but what competent economic historian could be when he turns from his research to a discussion of ways to make a better world?

W. O. S.

Poetry

ANABASIS. A poem. By St.-J. Perse. With a translation into English by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. $1.25.

Fourteen years ago St.-John Perse, who is one and the same as Alexis Léger, perpetual Secretary of the French Foreign Office, published the first edition of this work. One might expect from a man in his position an academic and rigid style. "Anabasis," quite to the contrary, is poetry, but without its outward signs. No other appellation is possible for it, as T. S. Eliot contends. It is a sequence of evocations. Symbols are given, but no chain links them. The theme is the march of a nomad tribe under the rule of a conquering chief. Throughout the poem goes the constant breath of endlessness. We are surrounded by the vast and desert spaces. There is no time, no limit, no definition.

To have made this impression so powerful demanded the truest art of a poet. But here also is the danger. T. S. Eliot says that there is no need of a continuous reasonableness, and that the absence of connecting matter does not imply chaos: if only the intended effect is reached all abbreviations are permissible. Many examples, indeed, are to be found in modern poetry, showing the tendency toward essential and elliptic expression. Many poets have followed Rilke and Valéry. But the condition of success always must be that the final effect on the reader is definite and single, even though it may have been brought about by the most unexpected means. Even *Surrealism* has to observe this law, and St.-J. Perse, who has not even gone so far, certainly respects it. Most of his symbols are rich in creative value, but not all of them are distinct. We do not know which evocation is prepared and which is accidental. Sometimes, in the abundance of images, we lose our way.

The translation into English, by T. S. Eliot, is excellent. The French text appears with the English.

L. L. G.

Travel

FEVER, FAMINE AND GOLD. By Captain E. Erskine Loch. Putnams. 1938. $2.75.

The Valverde Guide to the ancient Inca treasures has lured many men into the jungles of South America. The conquistador King of Spain and even the hard-headed Richard Spruce followed vainly the promise of the soldier who married an Indian girl: " . . . thou wilt come on a canyon between two hills which is the way of the Inca. . . ." " . . . what thou shalt gather at the bottom is grains of gold. . . ." These are enchanted phrases to fling in the midst of a scientific expedition, but Captain Loch was swayed by them only incidentally during his twenty-two months in Ecuador. Unfortunately, his book is as vague as an Andean mist, though he writes loftily of "The Andes-Amazon Expedition in the Uncharted Fastnesses of a Lost World," and plays his difficulties for all they are worth.

He had set out to prove that the Curaray River was navigable and the Llangatis Mountains passable to the Peruvian frontier, a purpose he achieved, but his search for native anthropological material was curiously a failure, for not only did he fail to get more than second-hand reports of the supposedly populous Sabelas tribes, but even to catch a glimpse of one member of them while spending a year in their land. Ill luck pursued him constantly, bringing rain and the fever and famine of the book's title—famine, though he admits that the region, or that adjacent to it, nourished rabbits, wolves, bears, tapirs, and the numerous ornithological specimens which he brought home. He must not have been a good provider. Finally he discovered Valverde's Lake where the Incas sank their great treasure, but had to abandon it without investigation, and in the last few pages of the book he describes finding one of the original gold mines of the Incas, though he gives no slightest proof of this. He skims over it to a weighty Appendix that shows the achievements of the expedition, among them "RADIOED: 21,000 odd words." His argument for the international route he "opened up" is not very convincing, but his survey of the district should have some value, and this proud book should make fine hammock reading for veteran explorers.

H. D.

Advertisement? You bet.—And a damned good one!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	Verdict
THE BEAST MUST DIE *Nicholas Blake* *(C. Day Lewis)* (Harpers: $2.)	Crime novelist Felix Lane plots murder as revenge on hit-&-run driver, but it takes Nigel Strangeways to discover who really killed Gloucestershire road-hog.	Extremely ingenious plotting, with Felix Lane's diary leading reader by the nose, provides double surprise in excellent super-literate baffler.	Don't miss it

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Q., the Flatfoot Floogie of the book business, comes lumbering along, stricken in wind and limb, prickled with nettlerash and slow with the news but still having a better time than anyone would imagine. ☞By postponing a visit to the dentist long enough his reliable old constitution put out defences of "secondary dentine" (to Dr. Goodman's astonishment) and so saved a nerve from wretched extinction. ☞The economic nervous system of the U. S. also seems to have a sort of secondary dentine which evolves from time to time to save us from entire collapse. ☞Fiscally speaking, Mendoza's Secondhand Bookstore is our Last Line of Defence. ☞We have just caught up with an unread Dorothy Sayers, *Clouds of Witness,* first published here in 1927. We are shocked to learn therein that Lord Peter Wimsey quoted to his Scotland Yard pal the terrible old limerick about the Young Man from the War Office; which if you don't know we shan't quote. ☞Also in that yarn is mentioned the admirable old Yorkshire ditty about Ilkla Moor bar t'at which we once heard sung in Toronto and would love to know in full. ☞We are interested by a quote from Rose Macaulay's book on E. M. Forster published last week by Harcourt, Brace. She wonders if Forster will write another novel: "If it should be another novel of the contemporary scene, it would be exciting. He might catch its flickering aspect before the next great cataclysm. I do not know if there is anyone else now writing who has just the right mirror to catch all these shifting reflections, public events and passions impacting on private, private distorted by public." ☞Evidently there's been a lot of insomnia about: Whittlesey House says it has had to increase to 7,500 copies the first printing of Dr. Edmund Jacobson's *You Can Sleep Well,* to be published September 12. ☞But then Dr. Jacobson's previous book *You Must Relax* sold big; but how many people did? ☞Viking Press tells us the exciting news that Mr. Pat Covici is to join their staff and with him comes John Steinbeck to the Viking list. ☞Every now and then someone returned from vacation stops in to tell us how much the New England Guides have helped his explorations. There are six volumes, one for each New England State (are there more States than that in New England? we've been too busy to check up) prepared by the Federal Writers' Project and published ($2.50 each) by Houghton Mifflin. ☞The amount of Apple Pan Dowdy, Codfish Balls, Brown Bread Ice Cream, Parker House Rolls, Johnny Cake, Thick Chowder, Crullers, Blueberry Muffins, Scrod, Boiled Dinner, Cranberry Turnovers and Red Flannel Hash eaten by the local-color-hunting Federal Writers in preparing these books is said to total several hundred tons. ☞A good book to whet an appetite is *Cheddar Gorge,* an album of essays on English cheeses edited by Sir Jack Squire and agreeably illustrated by E. H. Shepard (Macmillan). ☞From this we learn that Zoroaster lived in the wilderness twenty years with no companion but a vast cheese. ☞That there was once an argument in the Hungarian Parliament whether Chesterton was the name of a cheese or a writer. ☞That Cheshire cheese comes in three colors: red, white, and blue. ☞That Sir Jack Squire believes most of the second-rate Cheddar and Cheshire served in Britain comes from the U. S. ☞Of the cheeses discussed the one that most arouses us is *Blue Vinny* from Dorsetshire, described with masterly and scientific precision by André Simon. His description of the chemistry of mould and fungus (*Vinny* or *Vinewed* is an old West Country word meaning mouldy) is timely now when all Old Q.'s books and garments are still furred with microscopic vegetation from the recent rains. ☞There used to be a wonderful honest Cheese Shop down on Fulton Street, N. Y. C., where members of the Three Hours for Lunch Club went years ago to recruit their lactic acids: wonder if it still exists? ☞A postal card from Pasadena, probably from Upton Sinclair, calls attention to the recent banning of books in South Africa, particularly Rabelais and Upton Sinclair's *No Pasaran.* The matter is to be discussed at an early meeting of the Johannesburg Booksellers' Association.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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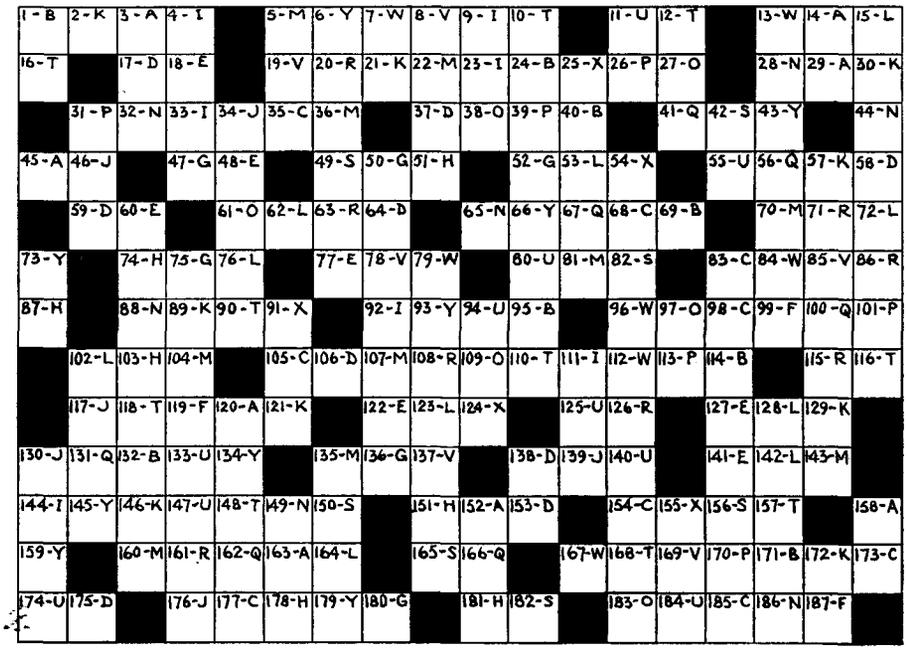
Double-Crostics: No. 230

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Name of Kipling's Vermont home.

B. Submerged marine plant.

C. Vortex of air.

D. Involved in moral darkness.

E. Unaccented part of measure (music).

F. Subject of biography by Douglas S. Freeman.

G. Dome tomb.

H. One of the horses of the Sun (Norse).

I. Cuddles up.

J. Representation of a person.

K. Limp; without courage.

L. Author of "John Inglesant."

M. Copiously.

N. Laughs loud and scornfully (comp.).

O. Presaged.

P. Principal stair posts.

Q. Imply secondarily.

R. President of first American Congress.

S. Good grade Persian carpet.

T. Italian painter (1518-1594).

U. Ignominious.

V. Immature; green.

W. Tedious.

X. Number of rows at right angles to similar rows.

Y. Muse of tragedy.

WORDS

152 3 14 120 29 158 163 45

69 40 171 95 132 1 114 24

105 83 177 98 35 154 185 68 173

17 64 59 106 37 138 58 175 153

60 77 48 122 18 141 127

119 187 99

52 75 47 50 136 180

151 51 87 178 181 74 103

111 23 92 33 9 144 4

34 117 130 139 176 46

121 146 89 21 129 2 172 57 30

15 128 62 142 102 53 72 123 164 76

5 22 81 160 70 104 135 143 107 36

149 32 44 28 65 88 186

38 61 109 183 97 27

39 101 170 26 31 113

162 131 100 166 67 41 56

63 161 126 108 20 86 71 115

165 150 82 49 42 156 182

16 118 168 90 148 110 116 157 12 10

125 94 174 147 80 55 11 184 133 140

19 78 85 8 169 137

84 79 167 96 7 13 112

25 91 54 124 155

145 43 66 6 93 134 159 73 179

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